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SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

SLAVERY.

Demerara. A Tale. By Harriet Martineau. Fox.

THIS, the fourth part of Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy, is marked with all that nice perception of nature, convincing simplicity of detail, and general intelligence which have characterized the former publications in this series. Slavery is a theme in itself of deep and harassing interest, and in Miss Martineau's able and energetic hands it loses none of its striking colours of misery and turmoil. With all the enviable opportunities for passion and eloquence this subject affords, we cannot help thinking, that our worthy authoress had done better to have left it to other, perhaps less feeling, but more experienced judges. The question of slavery, and its abolition is not one of the heart alone, but also of the head; not an affair of impulse, but rather of prudence, and must be viewed in all its lights of justice, humanity, and charity, ere it can be safely and permanently brought about. And it is not by the dissemination of such harrassing and not unexceptionable details that the judgment is to be best fitted for the consideration of the case. Miss Martineau thinks otherwise, and reasons with all the illogical straightforwardness of her sex:—"If I had believed," she says, "as many do, that strong feeling impairs the soundness of reasoning, I should assuredly have avoided the subject of the following tale, since slavery is a topic which cannot be approached without emotion. But convinced as I am, on the contrary, that the reason and the sensibilities are made for co-operation; and, perceiving as I do, that *the most stirring eloquence issues from the calmest logic*, I have not hesitated," &c. But Miss Martineau's is the converse proposition, to the effect that "the calmest logic issues from the most excited feeling," the infallibility of which doctrine we very much question.

But passing over all discussions of policy or right in this exciting subject, with which we have no business to meddle, and omitting the details of petty tyranny these pages unfold, we select a couple of passages of an interesting description. The first relates to the coffee plantations, &c.:—

"There was every promise of a fine crop this season in Mr. Bruce's plantation. The coffee-walks had been refreshed by frequent showers, and were screened from the chill north winds; and the fruit looked so well that, as the owner surveyed his groves the day before the gathering began, he flattered

himself with the hopes of a crop so much above the average as might clear off some of the debts which began to press heavily upon him.

"His daughters remained at his side during the whole of this cheerful season; for Mary had but a faint remembrance, which she wished to revive, of its customs and festivities. The time of crop is less remarkable and less joyous in a coffee than a sugar plantation; but there is much in both to engage the eye and interest the heart. The sugar crop had been got in three months before, and Mary had then visited the Mitchelsons, and seen how marvellously the appearance of the working population, both man and beast, had improved in a very short time. Horses, oxen, mules, and even pigs, had fattened upon the green tops of the cane and upon the scum from the boiling-house; while the meagre and sickly among the slaves recovered their looks rapidly while they had free access to the nourishing juice which oozed from the mill. The abundance of food more than made up for the increase of labour; and the slaves, while more hardly worked than ever, seemed to mind it less, and to wear a look of cheerfulness sufficiently rare at other seasons.

"There was less apparent enjoyment to all parties at the time of gathering in the coffee, though it was a sight not to be missed by a stranger. The slaves could not grow fat upon the fruit of the coffee-tree as upon the juice of the cane; but as there was an extra allowance of food in consideration of the extra labour, the slaves went through it with some degree of willingness. The weather was oppressively hot, too; but Mary found it as tolerable in the shade of the walks as in the house. She sat there for hours, under a large umbrella, watching the slaves, as each slowly filled the canvass bag hung round his neck, and kept open by a hoop. She followed them with her eyes when they sauntered from the trees to the baskets to empty their pouches, and then back again to the trees; and listened to the rebukes of the overseer when he found unripe fruit among the ripe."

The other is a vivid description of a hurricane:—

"There was a mass of clouds towering in a distant quarter of the heavens, not like a pile of snowy peaks, but now rent apart and now tumbled together, and bathed in a dull, red light. The sun, too, looked large and red, while the objects on the summits of the hills wore a bluish cast, and looked larger and nearer than usual. There was a dead calm. The pigeon had ceased her cooing: no parrots were showing off their

gaudy plumage in the sunlight, and not even the hum of the enamelled beetle was heard.

"What is the moon's age?" asked Mr. Bruce of the overseer.

"She is full to-night, sir, and a stormy night it will be, I fear." He held up his finger and listened.

"Hark!" said Mary, "there is the thunder already."

"It is not thunder, my dear."

"It is the sea," said Louisa. "I never heard it here but once before; but I am sure it is the same sound."

"The sea at this distance?" cried Mary.

"Her father shook his head, muttering, 'God help all who are in harbour, and give them a breeze to carry them out far enough! The shore will be strewed with wrecks by the morning. Come, my dears, let us go home before yonder clouds climb higher.'

"The whites have not yet become as weather-wise, between the tropics, as the negroes; and both fall short of the foresight which might be attained, and which was actually possessed by the original inhabitants of these countries. A negro cannot, like them, predict a storm twelve days beforehand; but he is generally aware of its approach some hours sooner than his master. It depends upon the terms he happens to be on with the whites, whether or not he gives them the advantage of his observations.

"Old Mark sent his daughter Becky to Mr. Bruce's house to deliver his opinion on the subject; but all were prepared. No such friendly warning was given to the Mitchelson's, who, overcome with the heat, were, from the eldest to the youngest, lying on couches, too languid to lift up their heads, or think of what might be passing out of doors. Cassius, meanwhile, was leaning over the gate of his provision ground, watching the moon as she rose, crimson as blood, behind his little plantain grove. Every star looked crimson too, and had its halo like the moon. It was as if a bloody steam had gone up from the earth. Not a breath of air could yet be felt; yet here and there a cedar, taller than the rest, stooped and shivered on the summits of the hills: and the clouds, now rushing, now poised motionless, indicated a capricious commotion in the upper air. Cassius was watching with much interest these signs of an approaching tempest, when he felt himself pulled by the jacket.

"May I stay with you?" asked poor Hester. "My master and mistress dare not keep at home because our roof is almost off already, and they think the wind will carry it quite away to-night."

"Where are they gone?"

"To find somebody to take them in; but they say there will be no room for me."

"Stay with me, then; but nobody will be safe under a roof to-night, I think."

"Where shall we stay, then?"

"Here, unless God calls us away. Many may be called before morning."

"The little girl stood trembling, afraid of she scarcely knew what, till a tremendous clap of thunder burst near, and then she clung to Cassius, and hid her face. In a few moments the gong was heard, sounding in the hurried irregular manner which betokens an alarm."

"Aha!" cried Cassius. "The white man's house shakes and he is afraid."

"What does he call us for?" said the terrified child. "We can do him no good."

"No; but his house is stronger than ours; and if his shakes, ours may tumble down, and then he would lose his slaves and their houses too. So let us go into the field where we are called, and then we shall see how pale white men can look."

All the way as they went, Hester held one hand before her eyes, for the lightning flashes came thick and fast. Still there was neither wind nor rain; but the roar of the distant sea rose louder in the intervals of the thunder.

Cassius suddenly stopped short, and pulled the little girl's hand from before her face, crying, "Look, look, there is a sight!"

Hester shrieked when she saw a whole field of sugar-canies whirled in the air. Before they had time to fall, the loftiest trees of the forest were carried up in like manner. The mill disappeared, a hundred huts were levelled; there was a stunning roar, a rumbling beneath, a rushing above. The hurricane was upon them in all its fury.

Cassius clasped the child round the waist, and carried rather than led her at his utmost speed beyond the verge of the groves, lest they also should be borne down and crush all beneath them. When he had arrived with his charge in the field whither the gong had summoned him, slaves were arriving from all parts of the plantation to seek safety in an open place. Their black forms flitting in the mixed light,—now in the glare of the lightning, and now in the rapid gleams which the full moon cast as the clouds were swept away for a moment, might have seemed to a stranger like imps of the storm collecting to give tidings of its ravages. Like such imps they spoke and acted.

"The mill is down!" cried one.

"No crop next year, for the canes are blown away!" shouted another.

"The hills are bare as a rock,—no coffee, no spice, no cotton! Hurra!"

"But our huts are gone: our plantation grounds are buried," cried the wailing voice of a woman.

"Hurra! for the white man's are gone too!" answered many mingled tones. Just then a burst of moonlight showed to each the exulting countenances of the rest, and there went up a shout louder than the thunder,—"Hurra! hurra! how ugly is the land!"

The sound was hushed, and the warning lights were quenched for a time by the deluge which poured down from the clouds. The slaves crouched together in the middle of the field, supporting one another as well as they could against the fury of the gusts which still blew, and of the tropical rains. An inquiry now went round,—where was Horner? It was his duty to be in the field as soon as the gong had sounded, but no one had seen him. There was a stern hope in every heart that his roof had fallen in and buried him and his whip together. It was not so, however.

After a while, the roaring of water was heard very near, and some of the blacks separated from the rest to see in what direction the irregular torrents which usually attend a hurricane were taking their course. There was a strip of low ground between the sloping field where the negroes were collected and the opposite hill, and through the middle of this ground a river rushed along where a river had never been seen before. A tree was still standing here and there in the midst of the foaming waters, and what had a few minutes ago been a hillock with a few shrubs growing out of it, was now an island. The negroes thought they heard a shout from this island, and then supposed it must be fancy; but when the cloudy rack was swept away and allowed the moon to look down for a moment, they saw that some one was certainly there, clinging to the shrubs, and in imminent peril of being carried away if the stream should continue to rise. It was Horner, who was making his way to the field when the waters overtook him in the low ground, and drove him to the hillock to seek a safety which was likely to be short enough. The waters rose every moment; and though the distance was not above thirty feet from the hillock to the sloping bank on which the negroes had now ranged themselves to watch his fate, the waves dashed through in so furious a current that he did not dare to commit himself to them. He called, he shouted, he screamed for help, his agony growing more intense, as inch after inch, foot after foot, of his little shore disappeared.

The negroes answered his shouts very punctually; but whether the impatience of peril prompted the thought, or an evil conscience, or whether it were really so, the shouts seemed to him to have more of triumph than sympathy in them; and cruel as would have been his situation had all the world been looking on with a desire to help, it was dreadfully aggravated by the belief that the wretches whom he had so utterly despised were watching his struggles, and standing with folded arms to see how he would help himself when there was none to help him. He turned and looked to the other shore; but it was far too distant to be reached. If he was to be saved, it must be by crossing the narrower gulley: and at last, a means of doing so seemed to offer.

Several trees had been carried past by the current; but they were all borne on headlong, and he had no means of arresting their course: but one came at length, a trunk of the largest growth, and therefore making

its way more slowly than the rest. It tilted from time to time against the bank, and when it reached the island, fairly stuck at the very point where the stream was narrowest. With intense gratitude,—gratitude which two hours before he would have denied could ever be felt towards slaves,—Horner saw the negroes cluster about the root of the tree to hold it firm in its position. Its branchy head seemed to him to be secure, and the only question now was, whether he could keep his hold on this bridge, while the torrent rose over it, as if in fury at having its course delayed. He could but try, for it was his only chance. The beginning of his adventure would be the most perilous, on account of the boughs over and through which he must make his way. Slowly, fearfully, but firmly he accomplished this, and the next glimpse of moonlight showed him astride on the bare trunk, clinging with knees and arms, and creeping forward as he battled with the spray. The slaves were no less intent. Not a word was spoken, not one let go, and even the women would have a hold. A black cloud hid the moon just when Horner seemed within reach of the bank; and what happened in that dark moment,—whether it was the force of the stream, or the strength of the temptation,—no lips were ever known to utter; but the event was that the massy trunk heaved once over, the unhappy wretch lost his grasp, and was carried down at the instant he thought himself secure. Horrid yells once more arose, from the perishing man, and from the blacks now dispersed along the bank to see the last of him."

NEW SKETCH BOOK.

The Alhambra. By Geoffrey Crayon.
2 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

In returning to these delightful volumes, we intend gratifying our readers with a plentiful variety of extracts, as the best illustration of their rich and various contents. The work is dedicated to Mr. Wilkie, in whose society the author lately enjoyed a tour on the Peninsula, which first suggested the composition of the work itself. It is, strictly speaking, "a sketch book," being filled with sketches, topographical, historical, and characteristic, and in detached chapters, too, of most convenient length;—it commences with "the journey," itself. Our extracts now follow in the order we find them:—

Government of the Alhambra.

"The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or snowy mountain.

"In the time of the Moors, the fortress was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men within its precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects.

After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful queen Elizabetta of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. Great preparations were made for their reception. The palace and gardens were placed in a state of repair, and a new suite of apartments erected, and decorated by artists brought from Italy. The sojourn of the sovereigns was transient, and after their departure the palace once more became desolate. Still the place was maintained with some military state. The governor held it immediately from the crown, its jurisdiction extended down into the suburbs of the city, and was independent of the Captain-General of Granada. A considerable garrison was kept up, the governor had his apartments in the front of the old Moorish palace, and never descended into Granada without some military parade. The fortress, in fact, was a little town of itself, having several streets of houses within its walls, together with a Franciscan convent and a parochial church.

The desertion of the court, however, was a fatal blow to the Alhambra. Its beautiful halls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin; the gardens were destroyed, and the fountains ceased to play. By degrees the dwellings became filled up with a loose and lawless population; contrabandistas, who availed themselves of its independent jurisdiction to carry on a wide and daring course of smuggling, and thieves and rogues of all sorts, who made this their place of refuge, from whence they might depredate upon Granada and its vicinity. The strong arm of government at length interfered: the whole community was thoroughly sifted; none were suffered to remain but such as were of honest character, and had legitimate right to a residence; the greater part of the houses were demolished, and a mere hamlet left, with the parochial church and the Franciscan convent. During the recent troubles in Spain, when Granada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops, and the palace was occasionally inhabited by the French commander. With that enlightened taste which has ever distinguished the French nation in their conquests, this monument of Moorish elegance and grandeur was rescued from the absolute ruin and desolation that were overwhelming it. The roofs were repaired, the saloons and galleries protected from the weather, the gardens cultivated, the watercourses restored, the fountains once more made to throw up their sparkling showers; and Spain may thank her invaders for having preserved to her the most beautiful and interesting of her historical monuments.

On the departure of the French they blew up several towers of the outer wall, and left the fortifications scarcely tenable. Since that time the military importance of

the post is at an end. The garrison is a handful of invalid soldiers, whose principal duty is to guard some of the outer towers, which serve occasionally as a prison of state; and the governor, abandoning the lofty hill of the Alhambra, resides in the centre of Granada, for the more convenient despatch of his official duties. I cannot conclude this brief notice of the state of the fortress without bearing testimony to the honourable exertions of its present commander, Don Francisco de Serna, who is tasking all the limited resources at his command to put the palace in a state of repair, and, by his judicious precautions, has for some time arrested its too certain decay. Had his predecessors discharged the duties of their station with equal fidelity, the Alhambra might yet have remained in almost its pristine beauty: were government to second him with means equal to his zeal, this edifice might still be preserved to adorn the land, and to attract the curious and enlightened of every clime for many generations."

The Tower of Comares.

The reader has had a sketch of the interior of the Alhambra, and may be desirous of a general idea of its vicinity. The morning is serene and lovely; the sun has not gained sufficient power to destroy the freshness of the night; we will mount to the summit of the Tower of Comares, and take a birds-eye view of Granada and its environs

Come then, worthy reader and comrade! follow my steps into this vestibule, ornamented with rich tracery, which opens to the Hall of Ambassadors. We will not enter the hall, however, but turn to the left, to this small door, opening in the wall. Have a care! here are steep winding-steps, and but scanty light; yet up this narrow, obscure, and winding staircase, the proud monarchs of Granada and their queens have often ascended to the battlements of the tower to watch the approach of Christian armies; or to gaze on the battles in the Vega. At length we are on the terraced roof, and may take breath for a moment, while we cast a general eye over the splendid panorama of city and country; of rocky mountain, verdant valley, and fertile plain; of castle, cathedral, Moorish towers, and Gothic domes, crumbling ruins, and blooming groves.

Let us approach the battlements, and cast our eyes immediately below. See, on this side we have the whole plan of the Alhambra laid open to us, and can look down into its courts and gardens. At the foot of the tower is the court of the Alberca, with its great tank or fishpool, bordered with flowers; and yonder is the Court of Lions, with its famous fountains, and its light Moorish arcades; and in the centre of the pile is the little garden of Lindaraxa, buried in the heart of the building, with its roses and citrons, and shrubbery of emerald green.

That belt of battlements, studded with square towers, straggling round the whole brow of the hill, is the outer boundary of the fortress. Some of the towers, you may perceive, are in ruins, and their massive

fragments are buried among vines, fig-trees, and aloes.

Let us look on this northern side of the tower. It is a giddy height; the very foundations of the tower rise above the groves of the steep hill-side. And see! a long fissure in the massive walls, shows that the tower has been rent by some of the earthquakes, which from time to time have thrown Granada into consternation; and which, sooner or later, must reduce this crumbling pile to a mere mass of ruin. The deep, narrow glen below us, which gradually widens as it opens from the mountains, is the valley of the Darro; you see the little river winding its way under embowered terraces, and among orchards and flower-gardens. It is a stream famous in old times for yielding gold, and its sands are still sifted occasionally, in search of the precious ore. Some of those white pavilions, which here and there glean from among groves and vineyards, were rustic retreats of the Moors, to enjoy the refreshment of their gardens.

The airy palace, with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breasts yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalife, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months, to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra. The naked summit of the height above it, where you behold some shapeless ruins, is the Silla del Moro, or seat of the Moor; so called, from having been a retreat of the unfortunate Boabdil, during the time of an insurrection, where he seated himself, and looked down mournfully upon his rebellious city.

A murmuring sound of water now and then rises from the valley. It is from the aqueduct of yon Moorish mill, nearly at the foot of the hill. The avenue of trees beyond is the Alameda, along the bank of the Darro, a favourite resort in evenings, and a rendezvous of lovers in the summer nights, when the guitar may be heard at a late hour from the benches along its walks. At present, there are but a few loitering monks to be seen there, and a group of water-carriers from the fountain of Avellanos.

You start! 'tis nothing but a hawk that we have frightened from his nest. This old tower is a complete breeding-place for vagrant birds; the swallow and martlet abound in every chink and cranny, and circle about it the whole day long; while at night, when all other birds have gone to rest, the moping owl comes out of its lurking-place, and utters its boding cry from the battlements. See how the hawk we have dislodged sweeps away below us, skimming over the tops of the trees, and sailing up to the ruins above the Generalife!

Let us leave this side of the tower, and turn our eyes to the west. Here you behold in the distance, a range of mountains bounding the Vega, the ancient barrier between Moslem Granada and the land of the Christians. Among their heights you may still discern warrior towns, whose grey walls, and battlements seem of a piece with the rocks on which they are built; while here

and there is a solitary Atalaya, or watch tower, mounted on some lofty point, and looking down, as it were, from the sky, into the valleys on either side. It was down the defiles of these mountains, by the pass of Lope, that the Christian armies descended into the Vega. It was round the base of yon grey and naked mountain, almost insulated from the rest, and stretching its bold rocky promontory into the bosom of the plain, that the invading squadrons would come bursting into view, with flaunting banners, and the clangour of drums and trumpets. How changed is the scene! Instead of the glittering line of mailed warriors, we behold the patient train of the toilful muleteer, slowly moving along the skirts of the mountain. Behind that promontory, is the eventful bridge of Pinos, renowned for many a bloody strife between Moors and Christians; but still more renowned as being the place where Columbus was overtaken and called back by the messenger of Queen Isabella, just as he was departing in despair, to carry his project of discovery to the court of France.

"Behold another place famous in the history of the discoverer. Yon line of walls and towers, gleaming in the morning sun, in the very centre of the Vega, is the city of Santa-Fe, built by the Catholic sovereigns during the siege of Granada, after a conflagration had destroyed their camp. It was to these walls that Columbus was called back by the heroic queen; and within them the treaty was concluded, that led to the discovery of the western world.

"Here, towards the south, the eye revels on the luxuriant beauties of the Vega; a blooming wilderness of grove and garden, and teeming orchard, with the Xenil winding through it in silver links, and feeding innumerable rills, conducted through ancient Moorish channels, which maintain the landscape in perpetual verdure. Here are the beloved bowers and gardens, and rural retreats, for which the Moors fought with such desperate valour. The very farm-houses and hovels which are now inhabited by the boors, retain traces of Arabesques and other tasteful decorations, which show them to have been elegant residences in the days of the Moslems.

"Beyond the embowered region of the Vega, you behold to the south a line of arid hills, down which a long train of mules is slowly moving. It was from the summit of one of those hills that the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look upon Granada, and gave vent to the agony of his soul. It is the spot famous in song and story, 'The last sigh of the Moor.'

"Now raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud in the blue sky. It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure, of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains that gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city: the fresh vegetation and the temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardour of a tropical sun,

and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. It is this aerial treasury of snow, which, melting in proportion to the increase of the summer heat, sends down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge of the Alpujarras, diffusing emerald verdure and fertility throughout a chain of happy and sequestered valleys,

"Those mountains may well be called the glory of Granada. They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them, as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain; and the Spanish mariner on the deck of his bark, far, far off on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye, thinks of delightful Granada, and chants, in low voice, some old romance about the Moors.

"But enough—the sun is high above the mountains, and is pouring his full fervour upon our heads. Already the terraced roof of the tower is hot beneath our feet: let us abandon it, and descend and refresh ourselves under the arcades by the fountain of the Lions."

The Truant.

"Since noticing the foregoing pages, we have had a scene of petty tribulation in the Alhambra, which has thrown a cloud over the sunny countenance of Dolores. This little damsel has a female passion for pets of all kinds, and from the superabundant kindness of her disposition, one of the ruined courts of the Alhambra is thronged with her favourites. A stately peacock and his hen seemed to hold regal sway here, over pompous turkeys, querulous guineafowls, and a rabble rout of common cocks and hens. The great delight of Dolores, however, has for some time past been centred in a youthful pair of pigeons, who have lately entered into the holy state of wedlock, and who have even supplanted a tortoise-shell cat and kittens in her affections.

"As a tenement for them wherein to commence housekeeping, she had fitted up a small chamber adjacent to the kitchen, the window of which looked into one of the quiet Moorish courts. Here they lived in happy ignorance of any world beyond the court and its sunny roofs. Never had they aspired to soar above the battlements, or to mount to the summit of the towers. Their virtuous union was at length crowned by two spotless and milk-white eggs, to the great joy of their cherished little mistress. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the conduct of the young married folks on this interesting occasion. They took turns to sit upon the nest until the eggs were hatched, and while their callow progeny required warmth and shelter; while one thus stayed at home, the other foraged abroad for food, and brought homeward abundant supplies.

"This scene of conjugal felicity has suddenly met with a reverse. Early this morning, as Dolores was feeding the male pigeon, she took a fancy to give him a peep at the great world. Opening a window, therefore, which looks down upon the valley of the Darro, she launched him at once be-

yond the walls of the Alhambra. For the first time in his life the astonished bird had to try the full vigour of his wings. He swept down into the valley and then rising upwards with the surge, soared almost to the clouds. Never before had he risen to such a height, or experienced such delight in flying; and, like a young spendthrift just come to his estate, he seemed giddy with excess of liberty, and with the boundless field of action suddenly opened to him. For the whole day he has been circling about in capricious flights, from tower to tower, and tree to tree. Every attempt has been vain to lure him back by scattering grain upon the roofs; he seems to have lost all thought of home, of his tender helpmate, and his callow young. To add to the anxiety of Dolores, he has been joined by two *palomas ladrones*, or robber pigeons, whose instinct it is to entice wandering pigeons to their own dovecotes. The fugitive, like many other thoughtless youths, on their first launching upon the world, seems quite fascinated with these knowing but graceless companions, who have undertaken to show him life, and introduce him to society. He has been soaring with them over all the roofs and steeples of Granada. A thunder-storm has passed over the city, but he has not sought his home; night has closed in, and still he comes not. To deepen the pathos of the affair, the female pigeon, after remaining several hours on the nest, without being relieved, at length went forth to seek her recreant mate; but stayed away so long that the young ones perished for want of the warmth and the shelter of the parent bosom. At a late hour in the evening, word was brought to Dolores, that the truant bird had been seen upon the towers of the Generalife. Now it happens that the *Administrador* of that ancient palace has likewise a dovecote, among the inmates of which are said to be two or three of these inveigling birds, the terror of all neighbouring pigeon-fanciers. Dolores immediately concluded, that the two feathered sharers who had been seen with her fugitive, were these bloods of the Generalife. A council of war was forthwith held in the chamber of Tia Antonia. The Generalife is a distinct jurisdiction from the Alhambra, and of course some punctilio, if not jealousy, exists between their custodians. It was determined, therefore, to send Pépe, the stuttering lad of the gardens, as ambassador to the *Administrador*, requesting, that if such fugitive should be found in his dominions, he might be given up as a subject of the Alhambra. Pépe departed accordingly, on his diplomatic expedition, through the moonlight groves and avenues, but returned in an hour with the afflicting intelligence that no such bird was to be found in the dovecote of the Generalife. The *Administrador*, however, pledged his sovereign word, that if such vagrant should appear there, even at midnight, he should instantly be arrested, and sent back prisoner to his little black-eyed mistress.

"Thus stands the melancholy affair, which has occasioned much distress throughout the palace, and has sent the inconsolable Dolores to a sleepless pillow.

“ ‘Sorrow endureth for a night,’ saith the proverb, ‘but joy cometh in the morning.’ The first object that met my eyes, on leaving my room this morning, was Dolores, with the truant pigeon in her hands, and her eyes sparkling with joy. He had appeared at an early hour on the battlements, hovering shily about from roof to roof, but at length entered the window, and surrendered himself prisoner. He gained little credit, however, by his return; for the ravenous manner in which he devoured the food set before him, showed that, like the prodigal son, he had been driven home by sheer famine. Dolores upbraided him for his faithless conduct, calling him all manner of vagrant names, (though, woman like, she fondled him at the same time to her bosom, and covered him with kisses.) I observed, however, that she had taken care to clip his wings, to prevent all future soars; a precaution, which I mention, for the benefit of all those who have truant lovers or wandering husbands. More than one valuable moral might be drawn from the story of Dolores and her pigeon.”

Last chapter of all:—

Yusef Abul Hagig, the Finisher of the Alhambra.

“ Beneath the governor’s apartment in the Alhambra, is the royal mosque, where the Moorish monarchs performed their private devotions. Though consecrated as a Catholic chapel, it still bears traces of its Moslem origin; the Saracenic columns with their gilded capitals, and the latticed gallery for the females of the harem, may yet be seen, and the escutcheons of the Moorish kings are mingled on the walls with those of the Castilian sovereigns.

“ In this consecrated place perished the illustrious Yusef Abul Hagig, the high-minded prince who completed the Alhambra, and who for his virtues and endowments deserves almost equal renown with its magnanimous founder. It is with pleasure I draw forth from the obscurity in which it has too long remained, the name of another of those princes of a departed and almost forgotten race, who reigned in elegance and splendour in Andalusia, when all Europe was in comparative barbarism.

“ Yusef Abul Hagig, (or, as it is sometimes written, Haxis,) ascended the throne of Granada in the year 1333, and his personal appearance and mental qualities were such, as to win all hearts, and to awaken anticipations of a beneficent and prosperous reign. He was of a noble presence, and great bodily strength, united to manly beauty; his complexion was exceeding fair, and, according to the Arabian chroniclers, he heightened the gravity and majesty of his appearance by suffering his beard to grow to a dignified length, and dyeing it black. He had an excellent memory, well stored with science and erudition; he was of a lively genius, and accounted the best poet of his time, and his manners were gentle, affable, and urbane. Yusef possessed the courage common to all generous spirits, but his genius was more cultivated for peace than war, and though obliged to take up

arms repeatedly in his time, he was generally unfortunate. He carried the benignity of his nature into warfare, prohibiting all wanton cruelty, and enjoining mercy and protection towards women and children, the aged and infirm, and all friars and persons of holy and recluse life. Among other ill-starred enterprizes, he undertook a great campaign in conjunction with the king of Morocco, against the kings of Castile and Portugal, but was defeated in the memorable battle of Salado; a disastrous reverse, which had nearly proved a death-blow to the Moslem power in Spain.

“ Yusef obtained a long truce after this defeat, during which time he devoted himself to the instruction of his people, and the improvement of their morals and manners. For this purpose he established schools in all the villages, with simple and uniform systems of education; he obliged every hamlet of more than twelve houses to have a Mosque, and prohibited various abuses and indecorums that had been introduced into the ceremonies of religion and the festivals and public amusements of the people. He attended vigilantly to the police of the city, establishing nocturnal guards and patrols, and superintending all municipal concerns. His attention was also directed towards finishing the great architectural works commenced by his predecessors, and erecting others on his own plans. The Alhambra, which had been founded by the good Abu Alahmar, was now completed. Yusef constructed the beautiful gate of justice, forming the grand entrance to the fortress, which he finished in 1348. He likewise adorned many of the courts and halls of the palace, as may be seen by the inscriptions on the walls, in which his name repeatedly occurs. He built also the noble Alcazar, or citadel of Malaga, now unfortunately a mere mass of crumbling ruins, but which most probably exhibited in its interior, similar elegance and magnificence with the Alhambra.

“ The genius of a sovereign stamps a character upon his time. The nobles of Granada, imitating the elegant and graceful taste of Yusef, soon filled the city of Granada with magnificent palaces; the halls of which were paved with Mosaic, the walls and ceilings wrought in fret work, and delicately gilded and painted with azure, vermillion, and other brilliant colours, or minutely inlaid with cedar and other precious woods; specimens of which have survived, in all their lustre, the lapse of several centuries. Many of the houses had fountains which threw up jets of water to refresh and cool the air. They had lofty towers also, of wood or stone, curiously carved and ornamented, and covered with plates of metal that glittered in the sun. Such was the refined and delicate taste in architecture that prevailed among this elegant people: insomuch that to use the beautiful simile of an Arabian writer, ‘ Granada in the days of Yusef, was as a silver vase, filled with emeralds and jacinths.’

“ One anecdote will be sufficient to show the magnanimity of this generous prince. The long truce which had succeeded the

battle of Salado was at an end, and every effort of Yusef to renew it was in vain. His deadly foe, Alfonzo XI. of Castile, took the field with great force, and laid siege to Gibraltar. Yusef reluctantly took up arms and sent troops to the relief of the place; when in the midst of his anxiety, he received tidings that his dreaded foe had suddenly fallen a victim to the plague. Instead of manifesting exultation on the occasion, Yusef called to mind the great qualities of the deceased, and was touched with a noble sorrow. ‘ Alas! ’ cried he, ‘ the world has lost one of its most excellent princes; a sovereign who knew how to honour merit, whether in friend or foe! ’

“ The Spanish chroniclers themselves bear witness to this magnanimity. According to their accounts, the Moorish cavaliers partook of the sentiment of their king, and put on mourning for the death of Alfonzo. Even those of Gibraltar, who had been so closely invested, when they knew that the hostile monarch lay dead in his camp, determined among themselves that no hostile movement should be made against the Christians. The day on which the camp was broken up, and the army departed bearing the corpse of Alfonzo, the Moors issued in multitudes from Gibraltar, and stood mute and melancholy, watching the mournful pageant. The same reverence for the deceased was observed by all the Moorish commanders on the frontiers, who suffered the funeral train to pass in safety, bearing the corpse of the Christian sovereign, from Gibraltar to Seville.

“ Yusef did not long survive the enemy he had so generously deplored. In the year 1354, as he was one day praying in the royal mosque of the Alhambra, a maniac rushed suddenly from behind and plunged a dagger in his side. The cries of the king brought his guards and courtiers to his assistance. They found him weltering in his blood, and in convulsions. He was borne to the royal apartments, but expired almost immediately. The murderer was cut to pieces and his limbs burnt in public to gratify the fury of the populace.

“ The body of the king was interred in a superb sepulchre of white marble, a long epitaph, in letters of gold, upon an azure ground, recorded his virtues. ‘ Here lies a king and martyr, of an illustrious line, gentle, learned, and virtuous; renowned for the graces of his person and his manners, whose clemency, piety, and benevolence, were extolled throughout the kingdom of Granada. He was a great prince; an illustrious captain; a sharp sword of the Moslems; a valiant standard-bearer among the most potent monarchs,’ &c.

“ The mosque still remains which once resounded with the dying cries of Yusef, but the monument which recorded his virtues has long since disappeared. His name, however, remains inscribed among the ornaments of the Alhambra, and will be perpetuated in connexion with this renowned pile, which it was his pride and delight to beautify.”

ROMANTIC CATASTROPHES.

The Jesuit. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley. We ought to have noticed this work some weeks ago, but an unaccountable spell has been hitherto every week flung across its path to publicity; and we are sorry, that now we do speak of it, it cannot be in terms of high praise. "The Jesuit" is a modern tale of the ancient and venerable "Italian" school, with all its extravagances of plot and character, but little of that fine poetic energy and magnificent imagery that used to enchant us in the former. The Jesuit is a new Schedoni, who, in revenge for disappointed love in earlier days, persecutes poor Sir Henry Arden and all his family, till death relieves them from their gathering miseries. The young heroes who figure in this tale are indeed of the most youthful age of fourteen and fifteen, yet love-making, with dyings, and duels, and adventures of every shape and character are as plentiful as with their elders. To enumerate, or even to hint at them all here, would be out of the question; we shall, therefore, begin and end our extracts with the last chapter of the third volume, where our principal performers severally die. The first is our heroine Julia, who has been pining away for love of Henri, her own brother, though quite unknown to her as such:—

"Weeks passed on and Julia's symptoms became worse; the course of medicine which Dr. Meanwell, as a last effort had recourse to, failed in its effect; and he declared to the miserable father that all further attempts were useless.

"'I plainly see, Sir Henry,' said he, 'the spirit is not to be touched, its incessant workings have preyed upon her delicate constitution. There is one more trial, but it remains with you to make it. I tremble at the risk, but it may produce a beneficial effect.'

"'What mean you? I do not guess your purpose.'

"'Inform her of the dreadful truth; the feeling that her passion is unlawful may arm her with resolution to resist the inroads to this devouring grief. The shock will be painful, but it may call forth the latent energies of her mind.'

"'I cannot, I am unequal to the task: my lips would burn, my heart break to see the horror such a discovery would create;—she never would survive it.'

"'I fear it,' said the doctor, 'but it is the last sad chance; she can but die, and better that one pang should break her heart, than that she should linger for weeks to feel her heart-strings cracking one by one, and feel a bitter death long before her hour of dying; for that, alas, will be her fate.'

* * * *

"That very evening Sir Henry, who had wound his feelings to the task, repaired to the chamber of his daughter. Julia was reclining on a couch, the breeze from the half-opened window playing on her feverish cheek, and disturbing the curls which escaped from the cap close bound upon her forehead to restrain the restless throbings of her brain. Her mother and the marchioness were sitting beside her; a faint hectic overspread her cheek as her father entered the room. No entreaty, no word of supplication had ever passed her lips since the evening when Sir Henry had surprised her in the garden with Henri. She had borne the cruel disappointment without a murmur or complaint; but frequently when the affectionate manner of her father would inspire hope, their eyes would encounter, and she read sorrow and determination in his, her heart sunk again in hopeless despondency. Sir Henry could not endure their patient meek expression, his heart swelled high within him, and he walked to the window.

"The marchioness and Lady Arden, aware of the explanation intended to take place, withdrew to the anti-chamber. Julia soon found herself alone with her father, than an unusual tremour seized her; she looked imploringly towards the door through which her mother had withdrawn, Sir Henry saw and felt bitterly the appeal; he walked to the side of her couch, and taking her thin white hand, asked her if she was afraid of being left alone with her father?" * * * *

"'You have been my kind and best of fathers, but oh! one word and let me rest for ever—Henri!—Yet do not speak it, your silence will be enough, the sound would kill me—you understand me, father?—speak.—No word—silent as my heart—as my—' With a convulsive throb her head fell from the shoulder of her parent to his breast. He would have removed her to the couch, but the delicacy of the sensitive child was strong in death! She clung to his neck, and with her head buried on his bosom, expired.

"The exclamations of the horror-struck Sir Henry brought the bereaved mother and the marchioness into the room, but too late even for a parting kiss, the pure spirit of the unfortunate Julia had fled for ever."

This young Henri is doomed to another death, and in a foreign land. The Jesuit has long been practising a series of deceits upon him, setting him at enmity to his own father and brother, with the latter of whom he has engaged immediately to fight a duel. At this juncture the villainous plot is discovered to the youth, through the carelessness of the Jesuit, in leaving his desk unclosed; and the catastrophe of varied hue is hurried on as follows:—

"'Careless being!' exclaimed the Jesuit, seeing the open desk, 'what might not have been the consequence?—Ha!—I left not my letters so!—What's here?' and the letters of Frederick met his view, 'Betrayed! betrayed!—No time is to be lost!—Andrew, you must serve me at this juncture, and the vacant benefice you name is your's. You must—'—and here he whispered his purpose—'you understand?—At dinner.—He must not escape.'

"He followed Henri to the outer room, fearing his vengeance might be foiled. The repast passed slowly. Henri, who longed to press his friend to his heart, felt on thorns till it was over. The monk Andrew sat near him.

"It wanted but a quarter of an hour to the appointed time of the hostile meeting, and still the vicar seemed to endeavour to prolong the repast by conversation. At last Henri felt a sickening sensation, a sudden and severe pang shook his frame—he was poisoned!—The conviction flashed upon him, and the triumphant look of the Jesuit, who watched the rapid effect of the venom his tool had administered, proclaimed his triumph.

"Henri felt that to embrace his friend was all that fate had left him, and even to ensure that blessing he must be speedy. Darting from the table, he burst aside the curtains of the tent and fled towards the appointed spot. The movement had been so sudden that the priest, who trembled for his safety, had not time to issue orders to prevent it.

"'Life!—fame!—all!' exclaimed the priest, 'depended on one chance.' And casting from him the long robe which encumbered his motions, he prepared to follow him, determined to bring him back by force to the tent.

"Frederick and Lindsey were on the ground, when Henri, pale and breathless, was seen rushing towards them. The dew of death was on his forehead! The two friends stood amazed.

"Without one word Henri threw himself upon the neck of Frederick, and pressed him to his bosom.

"'Henri!—dear Henri!—what does this mean?' exclaimed Arden.

"'I am dying, Frederick,' cried the almost exhausted youth, 'the damp of death is on me;—I am poisoned!'

"An exclamation of horror was all they could express.

"'Mourn not for me,' he continued, 'it is better thus;—I die upon the bosom of the only friend that ever loved me! Oh, Frederick, I cannot tell you how cruelly we have been deceived by the demon, my uncle!—I never wronged him; but he stung me with repeated insults on my unhappy birth, and when I had discovered the letter which, like a fool, I resigned to him, and by accident read it, seeing his hopes disappointed, he poisoned me at our last repast.'

"'Execrable fiend!' exclaimed Lindsey; 'but let us haste and find assistance.'

"'Too late—too late!' exclaimed Henri, 'Frederick, do not forget me—'

"'Never!—never!' cried Frederick.

"'Oh, I am torn by flames!—Frederick, you are my cousin,—I—Heaven bless you.'

"With a trembling hand he parted the hair back from the forehead of his kneeling friend, and, imprinting on it the kiss of a brother's love, expired.

"Frederick's grief was vehement.

"'Speak not, Lindsey,' said he, 'to me of comfort, he was the kindest being ever framed. I have lost him, my only friend.'

"'More than your friend,' exclaimed the hollow voice of Sir Henry Arden, who had reached Spain, and the fatal spot, too late to save his child; 'he was your brother.'

"The young men stared on beholding the care-worn form of the baronet, and Frederick would have thrown himself on the neck of his father.

"Stand off," exclaimed the broken-hearted man, "your hands are moistened with his blood!"

It was evident that Sir Henry suspected that Henri had perished in a duel.

"With blood! my dearest father, oh, no, he was my friend, we were reconciled, and—but poor Henri was poisoned by the Jesuit."

"At this moment the Jesuit stood before them. Seeing the body of his victim, he exclaimed, in well dissembled grief,—"Ha, it is in madness my poor boy hath slain himself."

"Monster!" said Sir Henry, starting from the body of his son—"Monster!"

Their eyes met, and in an instant they recognised each other. The hate of years glared fiercely, and for a few seconds they stood like two breathless statues, glaring defiance on each other. Sir Henry's hand was on his sword, the priest saw his purpose, and snatching from the ground the weapon that Lindsey had dropped, eagerly advanced to the encounter. Frederick trembled for the result, but soon began to view with wonder and admiration the skill of his father. They fought with all the spirit of their former hate, nor was the priest unskilful at his weapon; in a pass his sword broke at the handle, and he stood at the mercy of his enemy. Twice did the bereaved parent plunged the weapon through his heart; the Jesuit scowled on him with a glance of hate, and then, as if scorning to yield him the triumph of a groan, fell without a sound a corse at his feet."

There is a class of readers to whom this style of composition used to be acceptable, but we doubt if they be numerous in the present day.

ETYMOLOGY.

An Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and Derivatives; with Proofs of the Celtic Dialects being of Eastern Origin, &c. By W. Hunter. Longman and Co.

As the use of speech is one of the highest mortal attributes of humanity, so is the study of language one of the highest and most interesting the man of intelligence can pursue. Not the cold formal rules of construction and inflection, but the etymology and growth of words;—a field of wide and deep resources, full of variety, of curious research, and never failing points for nice discussion. The present little work, unpretendingly styled "A Grammar," is designed to assist the student as to the signification and ancient origin of our most familiar English particles. The author regrets the neglect into which the consideration of the Saxon part of our language, "the only proper mode of studying the English language and literature," has fallen, and brings the authority of some of our most eminent writers to his support:—

"Swift, a writer of *pure English*, preferred *thrill* from the Saxon verb *thrilian*, to *penetrate* from the Latin verb *penetrare*.

Doctor Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, and a distinguished Philosophical writer, thus expresses the same opinion:—"To those who wish to be understood, and to write with *energy*, one of the best principles of selection is generally to prefer *terms of Saxon origin*."

The late Robert Hall, whose style combines the energy of Johnson, with the simplicity and the elegance of Addison, erased the word *penetrate*, and substituted *pierce* from the Saxon verb *percian*.

After, says Dr. Gregory, Robert Hall had written down the striking apostrophe which occurs in his celebrated sermon on Infidelity, at about page 76 of most of the editions—"Eternal God on what are thine enemies intent! what are those enterprizes of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not *penetrate*!" he asked 'Did I say *penetrate*, sir, when I preached it?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think, sir, I may venture to alter it? for no man who considered the force of the English language, would use a word of three syllables there, but from absolute necessity.' 'You, are, doubtless, at liberty to alter it, if you will.' 'Then be so good, sir, to take your pencil, and for *penetrate* put *pierce*; *pierce* is the word, sir, and the only word to be used there.' I have now the evidence of this before me, in the entire manuscript, which I carefully preserve among my richest literary treasures."

We are as great admirers of simplicity as any body, and highly applaud a due attention to the selection of terms; but we think there is a danger in an over fastidiousness, often equal to that of too much laxity of expression;—without that force and energy too, which, in the latter case is generally aimed at. As to one word being our more legitimate right than another equally familiar to us, merely because the one is of Saxon, the other of Greek or Roman origin, it is what we cannot rightly understand. It should be recollected that the acquaintance of our Briton forefathers with the Romans, was of many centuries prior date to the invasion of the piratical Saxons, and we can see no reason why, to the inconvenience of general speakers, and general hearers, a preference should be given to a Saxon obsolescence, over a Latin derivation of common adoption. We cannot, therefore, so highly applaud the acute cleverness of Robert Hall, in substituting the well known word "pierce," for the equally familiar word "penetrate," as our author seems inclined to do. With this premise we turn to the little treatise before us which is written with clearness and precision, and well illustrated with examples from our old authors. After the Grammar comes a sort of second part, of "Saxon Derivatives, with an analysis of the style of Douglas, Chaucer, and Spenser." From the former, where are some hundreds of similar etymologies, we take the following instances, many of which are, doubtless, already well known to some of our readers:—

"IF is the imperative of the Saxon verb *gifian*, to give or grant. Chaucer commonly

uses if, but sometimes yewe, yef and yf for gif. G. Douglas almost always uses gif, only once or twice he has used if; once he uses gewe, and once giffis, and sometimes in case and in cais, for if.

"Gif luf be vertue, than is it leful thing;"
"Gif it be vice, it is gour undoing."—*Douglas*.

"Gif luf—that is, Grant that love, &c.

"Gour—Your.—G is in many instances changed into y.

"She was so charytable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe ~~if~~ that she save a mous.
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde."
Pro. to Canterbury Tales.

"GIN, the participle given, gi'en, gi'n, was often used for if or an.

"O Gin her face was wan!"

"If my daughter there should have done so, I wou'd not have gi'n her a groat."—*Wicherly.*

"AN is the imperative of the verb *anan*, to give or grant. It often supplies the place of if.

"An't please you," that is, an it, or if it please.

"AS, meaning the same as it, that or which, is compounded of al and es or as. It was formerly written als.

"Sche—
Glidis away under the fomy sees,
Als swift as gange a fedderit arrow fleis."—*Douglas*.

"AL, which in comparisons used to be very properly employed before the first es or as, but not before the second, we now suppress.

"As swift as. Not
Al as swift as, &c.

"So is sa, or so, a Gothic article of the same import."

"UNLESS is the imperative, onles, of *ONLESAN*, dimittere, to dismiss.

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this conjunction was sometimes written oneles and onelesse. Thus, in the trial of Sir John Old Castle, An. 1413. 'It was not possible for them to make whole Christes cote without seme—onelesse certain great men were brought out of the way,' that is—dismiss certain great men, &c.

"It is said that William Tyndall, our immortal translator of the Bible was one of the first who wrote this word with a u.

"The scripture was given, that we may applye the medicine of the scripture, every man to his own sores, unlesse then we entend to be idle disputers and brawlers about vaine wordes," &c.

"Prol.—What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night brawler?"

"Unlace, in this passage, means—"you unless, or onles your reputation"—that is, dismiss or lose your reputation.

"It does not appear that onless was employed conjunctively by the Anglo-Saxon writers, as we use unless, except in discourse; but instead of it, they frequently employed *nymthe*, or *nemthe*, the imperative *nym* or *nem*, of *nyman* or *nemant* to which is subjoined the, namely, *tha* *Nymthe*—take away that, may very wel supply the place of—unless (the expressed or understood)—Dismiss that.

"LES the imperative of *LESAN*, which has the same meaning as *ONLESAN*, is used sometimes by old writers instead of unless.

" Gif he
Commytis any treassoun, suld he not de,
Les than his prince of grete humanite
Perdoun his falt for his long trew service."—
G. Douglas.

" This same imperative LES, placed at the end of nouns, has given to our language such adjectives as hopeless, (dismiss hope,) restless; the privative termination less, as breathless; and the comparative less. The superlative least, is the past participle of LESAN. Least is contracted for lesed."

" OR is a contraction for OTHER, alius or alter, and denotes diversity, either of name or of subject.

" YET is the imperative, get, of GETAN, obtinere, to obtain, and STILL of STELLAN, ponere, to place, to suppose. Yet and still were often used mutually for each other, without any alteration in the meaning of the sentences."

" ELSE is the imperative, ales, of the verb ALESAN, dimittere, to dismiss. It was formerly written alles, alys, alyse, elles, ellus, ellis, elles, els.

" 'Withouten noyse or clattering of belles,
Te Deum was our songe and nothing ELLES.'

" 'Him behoveth serue himselfe that is no swayn,
Or ELS he is a fole, as clerkes sayn.'—*Chaucer.*

" THOUGH is the imperative, thaſ, of the verb THAFIGAN, or THAFIAN, to allow, permit, grant, yield, assent. By a transition, THAF became thagh, though, thouh, and thoſch.

" F was dropped from the pronunciation about the time of Henry II.

" Instead of though and although, our ancient writers often used all be, all be it, all had, all should, all were, all give, how be it, set, suppose, &c.

" 'I feel exceedingly for Mr. M. suppose I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with him.'

" 'For I wol speke' and tell it the,
AL SHULDE I dye.'—*Chaucer.*

" Though is vulgarly used, not only at the beginning, and between, but at the end of sentences.

" 'And may again, but his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though.'

" If and THOUGH may very frequently supply each other's place, as—'Though an host of men rise up against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid;' or 'If an host of men,' &c. &c."

" BUT is the imperative, BE-UTAN, BEON-UTAN, to be out. But corruptly used for bot is from BOTAN, to superadd, to supply, to atone for. To BOOT is the infinitive of this verb.

" 'I'll give you five pounds to boot.'

" Not, or ne, or nat, used to be inserted before beutan.

" 'Myn entent is not but to play.'—*Douglas.*

" We should now say 'my intent is but to play.' Douglas generally distinguishes but from bot, thus:—

" 'Bot thy werke shall endure in lande and glorie,
But spot or falt condigne eterne memorie.
Bot sen that virgil standis but compare.'—*G. Douglas.*

" BUT does not answer to SED in Latin, or MAIS in French, except only where it is used for bot. 'But, but that another divine inspiration moved the beholders to believe that she did therein a noble act, this act of her's might have been calumniated, &c.'—
Donne.

" In this passage, but is used in both its meanings.

" The Dutch still retain Boeten in their language with the same meaning as Botan, to boot.

" BUT (as distinguished from Bot) and WITHOUT, have both exactly the same meaning—Be-out. They were both originally used indifferently either as conjunctions or prepositions.

" Hence it is evident that the apparently different application constitutes the only difference between conjunctions and prepositions.

AND, the imperative AN-ad, from ANAN-ad, dare congeriem, to add.

Two AND (add) two are four."

We can recommend this book, as highly entertaining and useful, either for regular study, or an occasional reference.

HOGG'S BALLADS.

A Queer Book. By the Ettrick Shepherd. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

We have been much entertained by the perusal of many of the queer ballads, in this queer book of our queer, complacent friend Hogg of Altrive, in the wilds of Yarrow. We enjoy his poetry, generally, better than his prose, it is of a higher class of writing, and therefore enjoins a more "pratty behaviour," and pretty selection of nomenclature. With all this little restraint, however, the natural genius and invention of the man of song is unfettered, and the true vein of humour which he pours forth so abundantly is none the less relishable for passing through the fining "measure" of the muses. Most of the contents of this little volume have appeared in print before, their collection in this form will afford an acceptable present to many of our readers, to whom the following extracts will be a recommendation. From "the Wife of Ezdel-More,"—

"The Witch's Dirge.

" Adieu ! adieu !

Sweet spirits, adieu !

A kind farewell I send with you !

As fond and fair

As ever you were,

I see you pacing the fields of air !—

Away ! away !

By the cloudlet gray,

And the hues that mingle the night and the day,

O'er valleys from which the dews descend,

Where the glaring sunbeams never blend,

But a gloaming dims the dell and river,

And a holy stillness dwells for ever ;

Where the ruffling breeze

Never waves the trees,

And the waters neither swell nor freeze ;

Where storms the soul can never harrow,

Nor terrors of the lightning's arrow,

Nor glances of delirious joy,

Without illusion or alloy ;

But the lingering spirit's life is led,

In a dreary hope, and a holy dread,

Till the last day

Shall pass away,

Of hope, of longing, and dismay ;

When the doom is read, that effaced is never,

And the fates of spirits seal'd for ever.

" Adieu ! adieu !

Sweet spirits, adieu !

A kind farewell I send with you,

To a land where I have lived approved—

A land where I have sinn'd and loved

And thence was forced, to earth's domain,

To a body of flesh and blood again ;

For thrice, as punishment condign,

Has this unyielding soul of mine

Been driven away, as being remiss,

From verges of the fields of bliss,

Downward—away o'er fire and flood,
To inherit mortal flesh and blood.
But here, above thy earthly shrine,
I pray such fate be never thine ;

May you love and kiss,
In dreamy bliss,

In your home of slumbering quietness ;
And sometimes, at the midnight noon,
Climb the steep eyebrows of the moon,
To watch her workings of commotion,
That heave the tides of the earthly ocean ;
That torſel and roll her to and fro.
Like surges of death in the world below,
That call the mists to the fair moonshine,
And the fresh sweet showers from the fields of
brine ;

Then mark the workings of nature's strife,
When the infant tempest springs to life ;
And how the bolts of burning levin
Are moulded in the forge of heaven ;
And far in flaming vengeance hurl'd,
Away to world beyond world.

" O, then, how sweet your walks to renew,
Where the angels of night distil the dew ;
And sink to your sweet alcove again,
In that benignant, quiet reign,
Where roses twine,
With the eglantine,
In the fairy bowers that once were mine !
Adieu ! adieu !
Sweet spirits, adieu !
A kind farewell I send with you !"

The conclusion of the ballad of—

"Elen of Reigh.

" Poor Elen watch'd the parting strife
Of her she loved far more than life ;
The placid smile that strove to tell
To her beloved that all was well.
Oh many a holy thing they said,
And many a prayer together pray'd
And many a hymn, both morn and even,
Was breathed upon the breeze of heaven,
Which hope, on wings of sacred love,
Presented at the gates above.

" The last words into either melt,
The last squeeze of the hand is felt.
And the last breathings, long apart,
Like aspirations of the heart,
Told Elen that she now was left,
A thing of love and joy bereft—
A sapling from its parent torn,
A rose upon a widow'd thorn,
A twin roe, or bewilder'd lamb,
Reft both of sister and of dam—
How could she weather out the strife
And sorrows of this mortal life !

" The last rites of funereal gloom,—
The pageant heralds of the tomb,
That more in form than feeling tell
The sorrows of the last farewell,—
Are all observed with decent care,
And but one soul of grief was there.
The virgin mould, so mild and meet,
Is roll'd up in its winding sheet ;
Affection's yearnings form'd the rest,
The dead rose rustles on the breast,
The wrists are bound with bracelet bands,
The pallid gloves are on the hands,
And all the flowers the maid held dear
Are strew'd within her gilded bier ;
A hundred sleeves with lawn are pale,
A hundred crapes wave in the gale,
And, in a motley, mix'd array,
The funeral train winds down Glen-Reigh.
Alack ! how shortly thoughts were lasting
Of the grave to which they all were hastening !

" The grave is open ; the mourners gaze
On bones and skulls of former days ;
The pall's withdrawn—in letters sheen,
'Maria Gray—aged eighteen,'
Is read by all with heaving sighs,
And ready hands to moisten'd eyes.
Soiern and slow, the bier is laid
Into its deep and narrow bed,
And the mould rattles o'er the dead !

" What sound like that can be conceived ?
That thunder to a soul bereaved !
When crumbling bones grate on the bier
Of all the bosom's core held dear ;
'Tis like a growl of hideous wrath—
The last derisive laugh of Death
Over his victim that lies under ;
The heart's last bands then rent asunder,
And no communion more to be
Till time melt in eternity !

" From that dread moment Elen's soul
Seem'd to outfly its earthly goal ;
And her refined and subtle frame,
Uplifted by unearthly flame,

Seem'd soul alone—in likelihood,
A spirit made of flesh and blood—
A thing whose being and whose bliss
Were bound to better world than this.

"Her face, that with new luster beam'd,
Like features of a seraph seem'd;
A meekness, mix'd with a degree
Of fervid, wild sublimity,
Mark'd all her actions and her moods.
She sought the lowliest abodes,
By the dingly dell or the silver spring,
Her holy hymns of the dead to sing;
For all her songs and language bland
Were of a loved and heavenly land—
A land of saints and angels fair,
And of a late dweller there;
But, watch'd full often, ears profane
Once heard the following solemn strain."

Part of—

"The Grousome Carle."

"There was a man came out of the west,
And an uncouth Carle was he,
For the bowzelly hair upon his head
Was pirled with his dark eebree.
"And the feint a brow had this Carle ava,
That mortal man could see,
For all, from his nose to his shoulder blade
Was duffed right fearsomely.
"And he neither had bonnet, hose, nor shoon,
Nor sark, nor trews, had he,
But a short buff jerkin round his waist,
That hardly reach'd his knee.
"And he had a belt of the good bull's hide,
And a buckle of iron had he,
And he bore a pole on his shoulder,
Was ten long feet and three.
"As he came up by the Craigieburn,
With stalwart step and free,
He lookit up to the Saddle-Yoke,
As he wold take wings to flee;
"And aye he cuist his burly head
To fling the hair from his ee;
And he hemm'd, and he snocker'd so awsome loud,
That the leaves shook on the tree;
"And the little wee birds held up their necks,
And made their crops full sma',
And, till that Carle was out of sight,
A breath they durst not draw.
"And the woodman grippit to his long bill,
Thinking his life was gone,
And ran behind the hazel bush,
Till the stalwart Carle pass'd on.
"And the deers took to their heels and ran,
With their noses from the wind,
And, till they wan to Carryfron Gans,
They never look'd them behind.
"And the very dogs of the shepherd lads
Were seized with burning dread,
For they took their tails between their houghs,
And made to the braes with speed:
"And they shot out their crookit tongues,
In length more than a span,
And laid their lugs back to their necks,
And whinkit as they ran.
"And the owson cockit their stupid heads,
And switch'd their tails full long,
And aye they caper'd round and round,
And wist not what was wrong.
"And aye when the Carle gave a yowte,
Or snocker'd with belch and bray,
Then all the rocks play'd clatter again,
And nicher'd for miles away.
"And the wedders started on the steep,
Or scour'd amongst the lea,
And the little wee kids rose from their lairs,
And blette most eldrichlye.
"But if this Carle was flesh and blood,
Or a monster come from hell,
Or risen out of the deeps of the sea,
No man in the land could tell.
"But siccan a day, and siccan a fray,
Or siccan a frightsome tale,
Never put that country in dismay,
Since men knew Annerdale.
* * * * *
"But word is gone east, and word is gone west,
From Yarrow unto the Ae;
And came to the Lord of Annerdale,
At Lochouse where he lay.
"That lord he laugh'd at his vassalmen's tale,
And he said full jocundlye,
I will wend to the Gray-Mare's Linn the morn,
This Grousome Carle to see.

"Lord Annerdale rose at the screigh of the day,
And mounted his berry-brown steed,
With four and twenty wale wight men,
To guard him in time of need,
"And three staunch bloodhounds at his heel,
Of the terrible Border brood,
That weel could track the midnight thief,
Or the shedder of Christian blood.
"And when he came to the Hunter-Heck,
Oh, there was a grievous maen,
For something was missing over night,
That could not be told again.
"But he loosed the leashes of his bloodhounds,
That look'd both dour and droye,
For they neither row'd them on the sward,
Nor scamper'd round for joy.
"But they sknokit the dew, and sknokit the dew,
And sknokit it o'er again,
And the birses rase upon their backs,
Brush'd like a wild boar's mane.
"Then jowler he begoud to youff,
With a short and an angry tone,
And German's ee begoud to glent,
With a blood-red glare thereon;
"But Harper he turn'd his flew to the heavens,
And he gave a tout so lang,
That all the woods in Moffat-dale,
With mou'less echoes rang.
"That was the true and the warning note,—
Away went the hounds amain!
And away went the horsemen them behind,
With spur and with steady rein!
"But the fords were deep, and the banks were steep,
And pathway there was none;
And or they wan to the Selcoth Burn,
The brave bloodhounds were gone.
"But they heard the echoes dinning on,
Along the clouds so calm,
As gin the Spirits of the Fells
Were singing their morning psalm.
"And the eagle left his misty hame,
Amidst the cliffs so grim,
And he belted the morning's ruddy brow,
And join'd in the bloody hymn.
"Spur on, spur on,' cried Aunerdale,
'Lest evil mine hounds betide.
Gin the reiver's hide were made of ern,
A riving it maun bide.'

LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

Pen and Pencil Sketches of India. By Capt. Mundy, &c. 2 vols. Murray.

"LIFE in India" is a subject somewhat novel; and infinitely interesting when compared with the common every-day tourist reminiscences, that hourly crowd from the miscellaneous press. The volumes named above, therefore, will doubtless, when they appear, be found of considerable attraction; and, written as they seem to be, in a shrewd, spirited, graphic style, by one of sufficient experience in those regions, will throw much new light upon the doings of the English in the East. As a foretaste of this promised work, the following, detailing the occupations of a day at Calcutta, will be acceptable:—

"In the hot weather—and nine months of the twelve are hot—the Anglo-Bengalee—unless he has been late at a party the night before, or loves his bed better than his health—is roused by the punctual warning of his bearer, 'Sahib! Sahib! it has struck four,' and completing, by the assistance of the same domestic officer, a hasty toilette, he mounts his Arab, and by half-past four is taking his constitutional canter round the dew-freshened race-course. There—unless, as is sometimes the case, he be too languid to be social—he joins company with some of the many acquaintances he is sure to fall in with; and discusses the merits of the last batch of claret, 'per petite Louise,' from

Bourdeaux, or the last batch of misses, 'per Duchess of Bedford,' from England; the last act of Government, or the last dinner at Guater's. Or, if there be any that he has chanced to fall *out* with, he may on the same spot, under the well-known 'Great Tree,' discuss his point of honour without danger of interruption. During the months preceding the races, the training of the horses affords the sporting world of Calcutta an additional incitement to the healthful practice of early rising.

"At six, or soon after, that arch-enemy of European constitutions, the sun, begins to dart, from above the tall mansions of Chouringhee, its intolerable rays across the hitherto thronged plain; and the 'Qui hi' who has any respect for the well-being of his liver, shrinks appalled from its increasing disk, sneaks home, delivers his reeking horse to the attendant syee, and, exhausted with the monstrous exertion he has undergone, creeps under his mosquito curtain, and dozes, a bearer fanning him, until half-past eight.

"A bath—the greatest luxury in India—and perhaps shampooing wind him up for the breakfast of tea, muffins, and pillau, at half-past nine; after which those who are fortunate enough to have offices, repair thither in buggy or palankeen; and, with white jacket on back and punkah over head, earn, tant bien que mal, their rupees and their tiffen. This subsidiary meal is a favourite mid-day pastime of both the ladies and men of the presidency, and is the only repast at which appetite generally presides. A rich ash, or hot curry, followed by a well-cooled bottle of claret, or Hodson's pale ale, with a variety of eastern fruits, are thus despatched at two o'clock, forming in fact a dinner, whilst the so-called meal at eight o'clock would be better named supper.

"Idle men employ the above hours in visiting, billiards, or the auction-rooms. In the former ceremonial, should the visitor, going his rounds, find the gates of the 'compound' closed, he is to deduce that the Babee Sahib is not visible. Should they be thrown open, on the contrary, he draws a favourable augury—(which, however, may still be negatived by the Cerberus Durwan)—dashes through the portal, draws up sharp under the columned entrance, jumps out, and is received at the door—(there is not a knocker in all India!—by a respectful but pompous and most deliberate jemadar, who, striding before the Bhar-kee-Sahib—the ivory tassels of his dagger rattling as he walks—leads him through a darkened anteroom, (where another attendant, within hearing of the delicate 'Qui hi!' of the lady, rises wakefully and salaams, or sits sleepily and nods,) and finally introduces him by his name (strangely distorted, however,) into the yet more obscured sanctum. Here, seated in luxurious fauteuil, and fanned by the wavings of the heavy-flounced punkah, the eyes of the visitor (albeit as yet unused to the tender twilight of the hermetically-closed apartment) discover the fair object of his visit. He is seated; obvious topics are despatched, and happy is it for absent acquaintances if the late arrival of a ship, or

" Gif he
Commytis any treassoun, suld he not de,
Les than his prince of grete humanite
Perdoun his falt for his long trew service."—
G. Douglas.

" This same imperative LES, placed at the end of nouns, has given to our language such adjectives as hopeless, (dismiss hope,) restless; the privative termination less, as breathless; and the comparative less. The superlative least, is the past participle of LESAN. Least is contracted for lesed."

" OR is a contraction for OTHER, alias or alter, and denotes diversity, either of name or of subject.

" YET is the imperative, get, of GETAN, obtinere, to obtain, and STILL of STELLAN, ponere, to place, to suppose. Yet and still were often used mutually for each other, without any alteration in the meaning of the sentences."

" ELSE is the imperative, ales, of the verb ALESAN, dimittere, to dismiss. It was formerly written alles, alys, alyse, elles, ellus, ellis, elles, els.

" Withouten noyse or clattering of belles,
Te Deum was our songe and nothing ELLES."

" Him behoveth serue himselfe that is no swayn,
Or ELS he is a fole, as clerkes sayn."—Chaucer.

" THOUGH is the imperative, thaf, of the verb THAFIGAN, or THAFIAN, to allow, permit, grant, yield, assent. By a transition, THAF became thagh, though, thouh, and thoch.

" F was dropped from the pronunciation about the time of Henry II.

" Instead of though and although, our ancient writers often used all be, all be it, all had, all should, all were, all give, how be it, set, suppose, &c.

" I feel exceedingly for Mr. M. SUPPOSE I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with him."

" For I wol speke' and tell it the,
Al shulde I dye."—Chaucer.

" Though is vulgarly used, not only at the beginning, and between, but at the end of sentences.

" And may again, but his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though."

" IF and THOUGH may very frequently supply each other's place, as—'Though an host of men rise up against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid;' or 'If an host of men,' &c. &c."

" BUT is the imperative, BE-UTAN, BEON-UTAN, to be out. But corruptly used for bot is from BOTAN, to superadd, to supply, to atone for. To BOOT is the infinitive of this verb.

" I'll give you five pounds to boot."

" Not, or ne, or nat, used to be inserted before beutan.

" Myn entent is not but to play."—Douglas.

" We should now say 'my intent is but to play.' Douglas generally distinguishes but from bot, thus:—

" Bot thy werke shall endure in lande and glorie,
But spot or falt condigne eterne memorie.
Bot sen that virgil standis but compare."—G. Douglas.

" BUT does not answer to SED in Latin, or MAIS in French, except only where it is used for bot. 'But, but that another divine inspiration moved the beholders to believe that she did therein a noble act, this act of her's might have been calumniated, &c.'—
Donne.

" In this passage, but is used in both its meanings.

" The Dutch still retain Boeten in their language with the same meaning as Botan, to boot.

" BUT (as distinguished from Bot) and WITHOUT, have both exactly the same meaning—Be-out. They were both originally used indifferently either as conjunctions or prepositions.

" Hence it is evident that the apparently different application constitutes the only difference between conjunctions and prepositions.

AND, the imperative AN-ad, from ANAN-ad, dare congeriem, to add.

Two AND (add) two are four."

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* * * * *
" But word is gone east, and word is gone west,
From Yarrow unto the Ae;
And came to the Lord of Annerdale,
At Lochouse where he lay.

" That lord he laugh'd at his vassalmen's tale,
And he said full jocundlye,
I will wend to the Gray-Mare's Linn the morn,
This Grousome Carle to see.

" Lord Annerdale rose at the screigh of the day,
And mounted his berry-brown steed,
With four and twenty wale wight men,
To guard him in time of need,

" And three staunch bloodhounds at his heel,
Of the terrible Border brood,
That weel could track the midnight thief,
Or the shedder of Christian blood.

" And when he came to the Hunter-Heck,
Oh, there was a grievous maen,
For something was missing over night,
That could not be told again.

" But he loosed the leashes of his bloodhounds,
That look'd both dour and droye,
For they neither row'd them on the sward,
Nor scamper'd round for joy.

" But they sknokit the dew, and sknokit the dew,
And sknokit it o'er again,
And the birses rase upon their backs,
Brush'd like a wild boar's mane.

" Then jowler he begoud to youff,
With a short and an angry tone,
And German's ee begoud to glent,
With a blood-red glare thereon;

" But Harper he turn'd his flew to the heavens,
And he gave a tout so lang,
That all the woods in Moffat-dale,
With mou'less echoes rang.

" That was the true and the warning note,—
Away went the hounds amain!
And away went the horsemen them behind,
With spur and with steady rein!

" But the fords were deep, and the banks were steep,
And pathway there was none;
And or they wan to the Seleoth Burn,
The brave bloodhounds were gone.

" But they heard the echoes dinning on,
Along the clouds so calm,
As gin the Spirits of the Fells
Were singing their morning psalm.

" And the eagle left his misty hame,
Amidst the cliffs so grim,
And he belted the morning's ruddy brow,
And join'd in the bloody hymn.

" 'Spur on, spur on,' cried Aunerdale,
'Lest evil mine hounds betide.
Gin the reiver's hide were made of ern,
A riving it maun bide.'

LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

Pen and Pencil Sketches of India. By Capt. Mundy, &c. 2 vols. Murray.

" LIFE in India " is a subject somewhat novel; and infinitely interesting when compared with the common every-day tourist reminiscences, that hourly crowd from the miscellaneous press. The volumes named above, therefore, will doubtless, when they appear, be found of considerable attraction; and, written as they seem to be, in a shrewd, spirited, graphic style, by one of sufficient experience in those regions, will throw much new light upon the doings of the English in the East. As a foretaste of this promised work, the following, detailing the occupations of a day at Calcutta, will be acceptable:—

" In the hot weather—and nine months of the twelve are hot—the Anglo-Bengalee—unless he has been late at a party the night before, or loves his bed better than his health—is roused by the punctual warning of his bearer, ' Sahib! Sahib! it has struck four,' and completing, by the assistance of the same domestic officer, a hasty toilette, he mounts his Arab, and by half-past four is taking his constitutional canter round the dew-freshened race-course. There—unless, as is sometimes the case, he be too languid to be social—he joins company with some of the many acquaintances he is sure to fall in with; and discusses the merits of the last batch of claret, ' per petite Louise,' from

Bourdeaux, or the last batch of misses, ' per Duchess of Bedford,' from England; the last act of Government, or the last dinner at Gunter's. Or, if there be any that he has chanced to fall *out* with, he may on the same spot, under the well-known ' Great Tree,' discuss his point of honour without danger of interruption. During the months preceding the races, the training of the horses affords the sporting world of Calcutta an additional incitement to the healthful practice of early rising.

" At six, or soon after, that arch-enemy of European constitutions, the sun, begins to dart, from above the tall mansions of Chou-ringhee, its intolerable rays across the hitherto thronged plain; and the 'Qui hi' who has any respect for the well-being of his liver, shrinks appalled from its increasing disk, sneaks home, delivers his reeking horse to the attendant syee, and, exhausted with the monstrous exertion he has undergone, creeps under his mosquito curtain, and dozes, a bearer fanning him, until half-past eight.

" A bath—the greatest luxury in India—and perhaps shampooing wind him up for the breakfast of tea, muffins, and pillau, at half-past nine; after which those who are fortunate enough to have offices, repair thither in buggy or palankeen; and, with white jacket on back and punkah over head, earn, tant bien que mal, their rupees and their tiffen. This subsidiary meal is a favourite mid-day pastime of both the ladies and men of the presidency, and is the only repast at which appetite generally presides. A rich ash, or hot curry, followed by a well-cooled bottle of claret, or Hodson's pale ale, with a variety of eastern fruits, are thus despatched at two o'clock, forming in fact a dinner, whilst the so-called meal at eight o'clock would be better named supper.

" Idle men employ the above hours in visiting, billiards, or the auction-rooms. In the former ceremonial, should the visitor, going his rounds, find the gates of the 'compound' closed, he is to deduce that the Babee Sahib is not visible. Should they be thrown open, on the contrary, he draws a favourable augury—(which, however, may still be negatived by the Cerberus Durwan)—dashes through the portal, draws up sharp under the columned entrance, jumps out, and is received at the door—(there is not a knocker in all India!—) by a respectful but pompous and most deliberate jemadar, who, striding before the Bhar-kee-Sahib—the ivory tassels of his dagger rattling as he walks—leads him through a darkened anteroom, (where another attendant, within hearing of the delicate 'Qui hi!' of the lady, rises wakefully and salaams, or sits sleepily and nods,) and finally introduces him by his name (strangely distorted, however,) into the yet more obscured sanctum. Here, seated in luxurious fauteuil, and fanned by the wavings of the heavy-flounced punkah, the eyes of the visitor (albeit as yet unused to the tender twilight of the hermetically-closed apartment) discover the fair object of his visit. He is seated; obvious topics are despatched, and happy is it for absent acquaintances if the late arrival of a ship, or

a new novel is at hand to furnish external matter for discussion. In default of this diversion, living victims are offered up at the shrine of tittle-tattle—I won't call it scandal—'attentions' and 'intentions' are anatomiſed; flirtations analyzed; couples, as adverse as fire and water, are wedded and bedded; and friends, as attached as twin-brothers, are paraded with 'pistols for two' under the 'Great Tree.' The lady's ivory stiletto, urged by her white fingers rendered still whiter by Indian seclusion, is not more actively employed in torturing her tamboured muslin, than is her tongue in torturing and distorting facts—I won't say characters—the gentleman attacks the men, the lady the women; each defends the opposite sex, and they separate mutually satisfied with themselves,—not overhearing the exclamation from the neighbouring verandah, 'There is Captain A. only just going away from Mrs. B.; what can he have been doing there these three hours, whilst Mr. B. is at office?'—but this smacks of persiflage! To our subject.—The tiffen being concluded, many have recourse to a siesta, to recruit their forces and to kill time.

"Towards six, the orb of day, tending towards the western horizon, begins to relax the vigour of his rays; the lengthening shadows give evidence of his decline; and ere he has quite deserted the glowing heavens, the echoes of Calcutta are awakened by the rattling—rattling indeed!—of hundreds of equipages, from the lordly coach-and-four to the less-aspiring but dapper buggy; from the costly Arab charger to the ambling Pegu pony. All hurry to the same point, urged by the desire of seeing and being seen; and indeed those morose few, who are not instigated by these all-potent motives, are obliged to resort to the same mall, as the only well-watered drive. At dusk the Course and Strand are deserted:—except by a few choice spirits, who love to breathe the cool air of moonlight and to listen to the soft whisperings of—the evening breeze, rather than the coarse steam of viands and the bubbling of houkahs—the world of Calcutta is dressing for dinner; and by eight o'clock it is seated at that important, but often untasted meal. In the hospitable mansions of the 'upper servants' of the Company the tables groan under the weight of massive plate, and, what is worse, under whole hecatombs of beef and mutton. I have frequently seen—horresco referens!—in a side dish, which would have been much more appropriately tenanted by an appetizing fricandeau or a tempting riz de veau,—two legs of mutton, or twin turkeys; yet with all this profusion, scarcely any one has sufficiently recovered from the heavy tiffen despatched at two, to be able even to look without shuddering upon the slaughtered herds—much less to taste two mouthfuls.

"Champaign and claret, delightfully cooled with ice or saltpetre, are real luxuries; and ere the last course is well off the table, an isolated bubble announces the first houkah! others drop in, the jingling of Suppooses is heard; a rich, though rather over-

coming odour pervades the air; handsome mouth-pieces of amber, gold, silver, or Videri, decked with snowy ruffles, insinuate themselves from under the arms of the chairs; and the pauses in the sometimes languid and ill-sustained conversation are deprived of their former awkwardness by the full sonorous drone of a dozen of these princely pipes."

One more extract, relating to baths and allegators:—

"The streams are alive with those river pests, alligators, whose penchant for human flesh renders that chiefest luxury in a tropical climate, bathing, a matter of extreme danger. Yet it is strange to see with what perfect nonchalance the native dandies, in case of necessity, take the water.

"A beautiful specimen of an alligator's head was here given by Mr. Alexander to Lord Combermere. He was rather a distinguished monster, having carried off at different occasions, six or eight brace of men from an indigo factory in the neighbourhood. A native, who had long laid wait for him, at length succeeded in slaying him with poisoned arrows. One of these notoriously ghaut-frequenting alligators is well nigh as rich a prize to the poor native, who is fortunate enough to capture him, as a Spanish galleon is to a British frigate; for on ripping open his stomach, and overhauling its freight, it is not unfrequently found to contain 'a choice assortment'—as the Calcutta advertisers have it—of gold, silver, or brass bangles and anklets, which have not been so expeditiously digested as their fair owners, victims of the monster's voracity."

This work is illustrated by twenty-six field-sport pieces, by Edward Landseer, a great recommendation in themselves.

ANOTHER FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

The Fair of May Fair. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

Mrs. GORE is a perpetual motion of novel writing;—her three volumes come upon us like Quarterly Reviews; and scarcely have six weeks of peaceful oblivion passed over the remains of one bantling, than a new one appears to revive its ancestral name. "The Fair of May Fair" is decidedly a fairer specimen of its writer's abilities than "The Opera," (which was as decidedly the most contemptible affair that ever issued in the shape of a novel,) and as such "may fare" a proportionately-longer share of popularity. When she chooses, Mrs. Gore can write with very great cleverness, delineating the world of fashion with admirable smartness for one who sees it in a long perspective or middle distance; and being most heartless in her exposition of the follies and imperfections of her own sex, she must doubtless be popular with the ill-natured of the other. There are six tales in these three volumes, with titles eminently characteristic of the eternal material of which they are composed, viz.—"The Flirt of Ten Seasons,"—beware ye flirtlings just entering upon your career of charms!—"The Separate Maintenance,"—attractive title to new-married wives!—Then the contrast of "Hearts

and Diamonds,"—and the delicate perplexity of the "Divorce;"—and "My Granddaughter," and "The Special License," each with metal of attraction peculiarly its own. From the first of these we take a clever account of the manœuvring of a prudent mama for the union of her daughter with a queer old curiosity, who had fallen into their net; but here afterwards the good luck to slip out again:—

"The acquaintance was soon made, and followed up by an invitation to dinner on her ladyship's part, and a request on that of Sir Burford that the ladies would descend to come and view his pictures; and not even on a first introduction, not even while still unfamiliar with his narrow countenance and mean graceless person, did Adela dream of comparing him disadvantageously with his handsome namesake, her youthful playmate, her devoted cousin Harry. She could see nothing ugly or disagreeable in Sir Burford. Was he not a man of fifteen thousand a-year,—a town house and country seat;—and had he not been for twenty years past a somebody in society, a person universally accepted?—In a word, was he not a very good match?

"It was really amusing,—at least it would have amused any one but Nicodemus Fagg, who was alone present on the occasion, and who was too much of a manœuvrer on his own account to see any matter for jest in the avidity of others,—to observe the inventoried eye with which Lady Germaine made the tour of Sir Burford's mansion. All that she saw or heard was with reference to Adela, to a liberal settlement, to a widow's thirds. What cared she for Pæstum or Pompeii,—or whether the Guido to which her observation was directed by Sir Burford, had originally graced the Houghton collection or the Lanfranchi palace?—While her host was talking to her of the incense-pots and pateræ in use among the Phœnicians, exhibiting an unimpugnable specimen of Corinthian metal, or rehearsing the beauties of the sardonyx of Polycrates while he paraded a chalice adorned with studs of that precious gem,—Lady Germaine was secretly reverting to the possibility that all these treasures might be made heir-looms, and alienated from the personality so precious to the cupidity of widowhood. The only interest vouchsafed by the dowager to the objects placed before her eyes, arose from a doubt concerning their reconvertibility into the currency from whence they sprang; the only care entertained by the daughter, in surveying the home she was already determined to render her own, arose from incertitude whether a suite so encumbered with objects of virtu, were favourable to fashionable hospitality?—She almost doubted whether Sir Burford would not prove too blue to be a giver of balls."

But:—

"Why did he hesitate?—was he aware that the existence of his handsome cousin of the Guards might interpose a dangerous obstacle to his conjugal happiness?—Did it occur to him that twenty and four-and-forty are epochs divided by twenty-four fatal anniversaries of mortal nature?—that the

bright ringlets of the fashionable belle were less accordant with the outline of his own bald pate, than the heads of Paris and Helen in his favourite intaglio?—that

*Middle age and youth
Cannot live together?—*

that the Almack's goddess, the nymph of the park, would certainly have experienced little inclination for a niche in his gallery, had it not been for the splendour of the car on which her journey thither was to be executed?—No! he thought of none of these things!—Regarding himself as the most attractive of mankind, as a *partie* inferior only to the Duke of Derbyshire, he still hesitated, from secret motives, to throw the satrap kerchief of election to the lovely Adela Richmond. This vacillation of mind was extremely tiresome and perplexing to Lady Germaine. What was the man about?—Opulent, independent, in every sense his own master, what could prevent him from accelerating an event, which forty-four years subtracted from three-score left him so little leisure to enjoy? Perhaps he was breaking off some unsatisfactory connexion:—perhaps he was building a carriage,—perhaps a wig; but why not propose *ad interim* and terminate the dilemma? Still he went on accepting her ladyship's dinner-parties,—sitting nailed to a chair at the back of her ladyship's opera-box,—calling her ladyship's carriage:—but why not propose?—Could it be respect to the memory of his father, which suggested the delay of so festive a rite as the hymeneal? Absurd!—impossible!—in the nineteenth century, and a man so intellectual. No! no! Sir Burford Raymond was too much of a philosopher for the old woman's prejudice of filial tenderness.

“ May passed away,—June came and went with its roses,—strawberries were already out of season, (except for the ‘lower classes,’) and cherries were becoming plebeian food;—yet no proposal!—Lady Germaine grew angry; and began to lament that her nephew Lord Germaine was still at Eton, and too juvenile to be alarming either as a rival or antagonist. Certainly the conduct of Sir Burford was such as to call for explanation. For three months he had entirely engrossed her daughter's attention. He must have seen that in compliment to his mute courtship, Adela had remained sedentary at half the balls of the season; had given up waltzing, riding, flirting; had sobered herself down to the decorum of the middle-aged Strephon; had assumed the sententious prosiness of the learned Fellow, the demure gravity of the ‘English gentleman.’ She had forfeited half her natural graces by forming herself on the model of a Dorsetshire baronetess! All this was lost time, unless the head of the house of Raymond had serious intentions. Another season was gone;—gone in fruitless manœuvres, and most unsatisfactory self-denial. It was difficult to say whether Lady Germaine were most irate against Sir Burford, her daughter, or herself.

“ In the midst of her misgivings and vexations, it struck her that the Reverend Nicodemus might be the secret enemy, the

preacher of precaution. Such a Tartuffe as he looked; so sly, so smooth, so mischievous!—Surely a man with so glozing a smile, and a voice so hypocritically tuneful, must be open to bribery and corruption! Lady Germaine took to helping him at table to the heads of the carp, the *fois gras* of the *ragout mélée*, thighs of the pheasant poult; nominated him her chaplain, and inclosed him a hundred pound note in the letter of appointment. The Reverend Nicodemus accepted, bowed, smiled, and ate,—but said not a word; when, three days after the last-named act of munificence, ‘Sir Burford Raymond, bart. for Italy,’ was announced among the fashionable departures; while the learned Pundit and his new chaplain forwarded to the Dowager their cards of P. P. C. by the hands of the under footman.”

Another character:—

“ Honestly and humbly would we apologize to the manes of that excellent man for this tardy mention and procrastinated development of his character; but knowing him to have been a hater of hollow forms, we desist. Rupert Orme was in fact a very singular man,—singular by nature, singular by circumstance; the strange chances of destiny had preserved him unsophisticated among all the conventionalities of modern life. From his swaddling clothes to his shroud, the boy, the man, the veteran, afforded but a prolongation of the same thread. He was an oddity from his birth, without the smallest suspicion of his own originality.

“ Rupert had been the friend of Raymond's father previous to his own departure for India. He was a man of what is called ‘no family;’ that is, he was the son of a yeoman of some twenty pure descents of yeoman blood. But whereas this twenty-first representative of the Ormes of Barleyholme chanced to be at once a man of no family, and the father of one of considerable extent. Rupert, his ninth son, was despatched to India, under the patronage of a Leadenhall-street god-father, at a period when the Pagoda tree, having been less roughly shaken than now, was still prolific of golden fruit. At twenty-one years of age, he was appointed Judge of a district with an unpronounceable name, somewhere midway between Bombay and Calcutta; where he found himself destined to pass as many more years as he had already breathed the breath of life, among a tribe of dingy heathens, of whom it would be difficult to say whether the idol divinities or their human prototypes were the more hideous.

“ Residing thus in the midst of fellow-creatures with whom he had neither possessed an idea in common, nor could exchange a single observation, it is plain that his own ideas must have multiplied exceedingly, and his own observations waxed most abundant. He became a sort of Nepaulitan Jaques,—a free commoner of the mangroves,—a muser among the paddy-fields,—a Cowper, substituting a cage of tiger-whelps for one of domesticated hares;—a bowl of sangaree for the bubbling and loud-hissing urn,—and the lotus of the Ganges for the water-lily of the Ouse. He was an

amiable philosopher, walking about with a Welch nightcap and tassel amid the shadows of the banyan trees, and the haunts of the Cobra de Capellas.

“ But not even the most amiable philosophy is proof against the irritations of bilious disorganization. Cowper himself, the mild Melanthon, or Shenstone of the purling rills, would have become fretful, and like Shakespeare's soldier ‘full of strange oaths,’ had they been grilled into a liver complaint, or stewed over a slow fire of Hindostanic earth. At five-and-forty, Rupert Orme was as yellow as a ripe magnum-bonum plum; at fifty, as brown and speckled as a Havannah cigar; at fifty-five, he was seen scudding laboriously at the regular constitution trot on the Montpelier parade, at Cheltenham Spa; and at sixty, he had been refused by his friend Raymond's widow,—was established as the proprietor of a fine house in Portland-place,—and (in spite of his caxon and velveteens) as the favourite friend and admirer of the gifted Margaret.”

Of the other tales we have not space for further notice. “The Fair of May Fair” is a superior work of its kind.

RANDOM READINGS, &c.

POETS AND VERSIFIERS.

ALL men, women, and children, are manifestly poets, except those who write *verses*. But why that exception? Because they alone make no use of their minds. Versifiers—and we speak but of them—are the sole living creatures that are not also creators. The inferior animals, as we are pleased to call them, and as indeed in some respects they are, modify matter much in their imaginations. Rode ye never a horse by night through a forest? That most poetical of quadrupeds sees a spirit in every stump, else why by such sudden start should he throw his master over his ears? The blackbird on the tip-top of that pine-tent is a poet, else never could his yellow bill so salute with rapturous orisons the reascending sun, as he flings over the woods a lustre again gorgeous from the sea. And what induces those stock-doves, think ye, to fill the heart of the grove with soft, deep, low, lonely, far-away, mournful, yet happy—*thunder*; what, but love and joy, and delight and desire,—in one word, poetry,—poetry that confines the universe to that wedded pair, within the sanctuary of the pillared shade impervious to meridian sunbeams, and brightens and softens into splendour and into snow divine the plumage beautifying the creatures in their bliss, as breast to breast they croodendoo on their shallow nest!

Thus all men, women, and children, birds, beasts, and fishes, are poets, except versifiers. Oysters are poets. Nobody will deny that, whoever in the neighbourhood of Prestonpans beheld them passionately gaping, on their native bed, for the flow of tide coming again to awaken all their energies from the wide Atlantic. Nor less so are snails. See them in the dewy stillness of eve, as they salute the crescent

Dian, with horns humbler indeed, but no less pointed than her own. The beetle, against the traveller borne in heedless hum, if we knew all his feelings in that soliloquy, might safely be pronounced a Wordsworth.

Thus are we all poets, high and low, except versifiers. They, poor creatures, are a peculiar people, impotent of goods works. Ears have they, but they hear not,—eyes have they, but they will not see,—nay, naturalists assert that they have brains and spinal marrow, also, organs of speech; yet with all that organization, they seem to have but little feeling, and no thought; and but by a feeble and monotonous fizz, are you made aware, in the twilight, of the useless existence of the obscure ephemerals.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.

THE Americans are a young people, full of energy and enterprise, but necessarily subject to a variety of disadvantages, which the older communities of Europe have long since overcome. They have little to boast of native literature or science; nothing of splendour or antiquity to captivate the imagination, and, bating a few objects of unrivalled natural grandeur, in a country the scenery of which is in general tame and monotonous, there exist few of the ordinary inducements of travel, to lead men of education and refinement to select the United States as the sphere of their observation. Then their appliances for the comfort and convenience of travellers are understood to be deficient; their roads are confessedly detestable; their social habits rough and unfinished; their love of democracy perhaps too obtrusive and exuberant; and their contempt for kings and courtiers somewhat more openly expressed, than is quite consistent with a charitable regard to the prejudices of their European visitors. The consequence of this has been, that few English gentlemen have visited the United States, and of these few, the greater portion have left no record of their impressions, being unwilling, perhaps, to incur the certainty of giving offence to a people of whose hospitality they entertain a grateful sense, and to whose morbid sensibility to censure there can be found no parallel in other nations.

The great body of our information, therefore, has been derived from persons of narrow minds and limited acquirements, who have generally visited the United States, with views rather connected with pecuniary profit, than the gratification of liberal curiosity. * * * The result of this has been, a vast mass of exaggerated and inconsistent statement,—of truth answered by denial,—falsehood exposed by blunder,—prejudice on one side accusing prejudice on the other,—of conclusions without premises, and premises that admit of no conclusion,—in short, such a jumble of folly, ignorance, stupidity, and perversion, as makes it very clear, whatever may be the case with counsellors, that in the multitude of such travellers there is *not* wisdom.

Merchants, farmers, manufacturers, bagmen, half-pay officers, broken down radicals, impatient of the restraints of English

morality and English law, have all visited the United States, and favoured the world with the result of their observations. Of these different classes, the three first have, perhaps, done all we were entitled to expect. They have communicated a great deal of valuable information relative to soil and climate, railroads, and canals, steam-boats, and stage-coaches, wages of labour, prices of provisions, facilities for commerce, and other matters which, in a country situated like Great Britain, are very essential to be understood. The lucubrations of the bagmen on manners, politics, and morals, have been less available. They are, perhaps, somewhat too indignant at the national deficiency of polish and refinement, to be considered altogether impartial in their reports. They cannot bring themselves to pardon the transatlantic innovation of picking teeth with a pocket-knife instead of a table-fork, according to ancient and recognised precedent in the hostellries of Leeds and Birmingham. Then English "commercial gentlemen" excrete in spit-boxes; those of America discharge their saliva on the carpet, or their neighbour's boot, or, in short, wherever it may happen to suit their convenience. Then, in an American hotel, a bagman of the most imposing aspect, with "a voice like Mars to threaten and command," may actually bellow for boots and chambermaid for an hour on end, without creating the smallest sensation in any one individual from the garret to the cellar. Should he at length lose patience, and go in search of the delinquents, ten to one he will find boots lolling in a rocking-chair, and coolly smoking his cigar, with his legs on the kitchen dresser; while the coffee-coloured chambermaid, taking advantage of the twilight, is in the back-yard arranging matters of importance with black Caesar, jack-of-all-trades to Lyceurgus F. Tompkins, storekeeper on t'other side of the street. Such differences of habit are no doubt quite sufficient to divert the whole current of human sympathies, and annihilate all charities, national and particular.

Next come the radicals, whose associations with the memory of their own country are those of jails and gibbets, and who, comparing the realities of the United States with their former anticipations of Botany Bay, are naturally well satisfied with their change of prospect. Believe these political philosophers, and America is a heaven upon earth, a region of flowers and fruits, and of sweet airs, where corruption is unknown, and man lives in a state of primeval innocence and unbroken happiness. The rulers of this delightful country are, of course, all virtue, wisdom, and strength, and the people by whose free voices they are elected, distinguished above all experience in degraded Europe, by honour, high principle, sagacity, and talent. Your Tory travellers, on the other hand, who consider nothing good that is not founded on British precedent, deny altogether the justice of these praises. They tell you, and are ready to swear to it, that the United States are a mere Pandemonium of brutal manners and bad government;

that the soil is barren and unfruitful, the climate sickly and detestable, the rulers time-serving and corrupt; and the people, made up of the sweepings and refuse of Europe, are fickle and turbulent in politics, mean and fraudulent in their dealings, ignorant, yet puffed up with the conceit of knowledge; and, in short, the most unfit possible depositories of political power.

Though the discrepancies of statement in the works of British travellers with regard to the United States, be confessedly irreconcileable with fair and impartial observation, still there exist few instances in which we feel disposed to attribute the blunders and inconsistencies of these writers to intentional misrepresentation. For so constituted is the mind of man, so much is the judgment of the wisest among us influenced unknown to itself by prejudice and feeling, that we are rarely able to take a wide and impartial view of all the circumstances and relations of a question, essential to a sound conclusion. But instead of dealing in wise saws, let us illustrate our meaning by a modern instance. Two armies fight a battle. It shall be Maida, Barossa, Talavera, or any other you make like better. The affair is no sooner over than each commander seizes a pen, and transmits to his government a full, true, and particular account of the engagement. These afterwards appear in *The Gazette*, and having read both, we ask whether any thing can be more utterly and hopelessly irreconcileable either in fact or inference. If Lieutenant-General Sir Frizzle Pumpkin "have writ his annals right," then have the Frenchmen lived a complete drubbing. But unless S. J. or Junot lie most egregiously, this is far from the case; for they assure us, that the attack of John Bull was gallantly repulsed, and that all the honours of the engagement, including three brass guns and a howitzer, remain on their side. In short, each general claims the victory, and each brings forward the particular details by which his pretensions are substantiated; yet both are men of high honour, and either would sooner die than suffer his fair fame to be tarnished by the imputation of a falsehood. What, then, is the key to all this, and how are we to escape from the apparently inextricable maze of contradictory assertion? The key is this. Neither of the accounts are positively false, and neither absolutely true. Looking at the engagement *as a whole*, neither Soult nor Sir Frizzle give an impartial narrative of all its circumstances. Both bring forward some favourite passages in prominent relief, while others, equally important, are either thrown into the background, or kept altogether out of view. Yet we do consider it as highly probable that each commander, at the moment of committing his account to paper, wrote under the delusion, that nothing could be more full, fair, and impartial than his own statement. The truth is, that both were anxious to regard the battle as affording ground for certain favourable conclusions, and, by a very trifling and unintentional perversion of vision, they are both successful. Thus intimate is the connexion between

our judgment and our feelings, and thus it is, that

— “things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,”

and we propagate deception in others, from having first achieved it in ourselves. Were we disposed to philosophize, it would be easy, by an extension of this simple hypothesis, to account for those differences in politics, religion, and philosophy by which the waters of the human mind have been stirred into a troubled activity, and mixed up with the sediment of passion, which might well be suffered to remain at the bottom.—(Abridged from a long review of Mrs. Trollope's work, in *Blackwood's Mag.*)

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THIS able author and personator of “The Hunchback's” amiabilities, who must now be about forty-six or forty-seven years old, was born in the city of Cork, and is the son of Mr. Knowles, a teacher of elocution, formerly one of the masters of the celebrated school at Belfast, and closely related to the ever-illustrious Brinsley Sheridan. In fact, Mr. Knowles's father and the author of the “School for Scandal,” were cousins, we believe, in the first degree.

Mr. Knowles was sent to England at eight years of age, for his education, and was at first intended for the medical profession. But his genius was destined for the moral, not the physical, study of man. His dramatic instinct manifested itself at the age of twelve, when, being connected with a juvenile company of private actors, the idea of writing a play for himself, first occurred to him. We know not what became of it. This was followed by an opera, founded on the history of the “Chevalier de Grillon,” and given to Richardson, the friend of Sheridan, by whom, or betwixt whom, it was lost. At fourteen, Mr. Knowles was the author of the once favourite little song, entitled the “Welsh Harper,” and beginning “Over the sunny hills I stray.” At sixteen, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, called the “Spanish Story,” which is still in existence; at twenty-four, “Herculina,” a play which never appeared, and was given to Tom Sheridan; and at twenty-six, another called the “Gipsey,” which was acted at Waterford, Kean playing the hero. Kean told Mr. Knowles afterwards that “he would have given any thing to know where he was, in order that he might have used it for his first appearance in London.” The “Gipsey” was succeeded by “Brien Boroighme,” an alteration from a piece by a Mr. Mara, which had extraordinary success in Belfast, and brought hundreds to the theatre. The next play in order of composition, (for “Virginius” was not written before it, as report has given out,) was “Caius Græchus,” performed in the same town, and subsequently, after “Virginius,” in London. “Virginius” was next composed, the subject suggested by Mr. Kean, and not, as is commonly supposed, by Mr. Macready. Mr. Macready performed the principal character so well, and has so

established his reputation for excellence in domestic tenderness, that the supposition was natural enough, especially as nobody knew that Mr. Kean had ever seen the play. Perhaps the report partly originated in the fact, that Mr. Macready did suggest the subject of the play that followed,—that of “William Tell.” Then came the “Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,” a failure, to which, however, we owe the piece which is now so triumphant. Last season, his “Alfred the Great” was produced, and succeeded; and now the “Hunchback,” which is succeeding.

It is worth while to dilate a little upon the origin of “Virginius.” Mr. Knowles, finding great difficulty in getting up any thing at the London theatres, had laid aside the pen for several years, when meeting Mr. Kean, at Glasgow, that great actor said, that if he would write a play in which he could perform the principal part, he would bring it out; and he suggested to him the story of Virginius. The piece, however, was transferred to Covent Garden, because another on the same subject had been previously received at Drury Lane, and, after all, it first came out at Glasgow, the part of Virginius being performed with great applause by Mr. Cooper. A friend of Mr. Macready's sent him an account of the play, he requested to see it in the manuscript, read it, and wrote a highly flattering letter to the author, the consequence of which was an acquaintance between them, and the appearance of this pathetic tragedian in his most applauded character. All these circumstances contributed to Mr. Knowles's familiarity with life and the stage, and it is an honour to his energies to add, that the profoundest of all teachers has not been wanting to him,—adversity.

Mr. Knowles is married, and has a family, we believe, of six children. He is somewhat under the middle height, stout, and well-built, with a pleasant, ardent, and manly aspect, and a demeanour with a cast of roughness in it, but nothing clownish or ill-bred: it is all cordiality and good-nature, with a relish, as well as a crust upon it, of old port. Mr. Knowles squeezes a hand with right friendly ferocity, and is famous among his friends for the happy buoyancy, as well as the vigour, of his feelings. As an actor, we are obliged to mention him, merely by way of record. His performance is neither striking nor finished, but there is nothing strictly common-place about it.

Mem.—For most of the materials in the above memoir, we are indebted to a long article in *The Monthly Magazine*, for the present month.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE display of this season is one of very respectable and even merit, though we cannot say there are many of those striking performances of novelty and attraction which have sometimes set the town talking by the month. “Portraits of Ladies” and “Gentlemen,” and other similar works of private interest, but public ennui, are not so nume-

rous as we have sometimes seen them, which is one good thing to say; and most of the Academicians and other leading men have their appointed number filled, which is something more of promise. We shall now proceed to give passing notes on some of the most prominent pieces, beginning with

WILKIE's fine picture—*The Preaching of Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, 10th June, 1559*, which is decidedly the gem of the room. Mr. Wilkie has here taken a higher walk of art, and with a sort of success that may well warrant his forsaking the homely style he has hitherto so happily cultivated. The picture is one of his usual dimensions, of fine rich sober tone of colouring, relieved in the middle left by the light dresses and beaming countenances of the Lady Argyll and her attendant. The figure and attitude of the reformist preacher is bold and energetic; and the other figures highly interesting on account of the originals for whom they are intended, including the young John Napier, the inventor of logarithms,—Lord James Stuart, afterwards Regent Murray,—the admirable Crichton, &c. The same artist has a *Portrait of his Majesty*, which, as a picture, is full of life, high finish, and expression, but, as a portrait, wants a very essential point—likeness. Sir W. Beechey's portrait of the same illustrious personage, (197,) facing the above, is much better in this respect, having all the bluff expression so conspicuous about the royal mouth.

CALLCOTT has this year eight pieces, all in his own chaste and finished style, and all of more or less attraction:—*Sunset at Camuglia*, a small sea-port, ten miles to the south-east of Genoa, is one of the best, with a good mixture of green sea, blue sky, golden sunset, and architecture on the left. *The Ruined Tomb*, (61,) is in itself an excellent representation of ancient stone work, but the general air of the picture is cold and stony, and the figures are but mediocre. No. 86, *A Scene*, suggested by an effect witnessed after a heavy rain in the Ligurian Mountains, is a singular production;—a fine expansive woody plain, with mountains in the background, and the evening mists rising thick over the foliage, and the neat little town, whose entrance street is seen in the midst. No. 332, *Italian Girls going in Procession to their first Communion*, is a finished sketch of great beauty and interest, with a fine representation of cathedral grandeur, and a ray of sunlight curiously introduced, falling on the altar in the extreme distance.

ETTY has but three pictures, and those small ones. Nos. 196 and 360, two poetic compositions of nymphs and female figures, on aquatic excursions, have all the rich colouring that characterises this artist's pencil, but in every other respect are sadly extravagant. The “gallant” vessel, mentioned in the former, is a mere cockle-shell, and the latter looks like a little boy's pleasure-boat in a tub of water.

HOWARD presents us with four:—No. 68, *Medea Meditating the Murder of her Children*, and 159, *Contention of Oberon and Titania*, another sketch from the inexhausti-

ble "Midsummer Night's Dream;"—a spirited composition, prettily painted, with rather vulgar faces for the fairies, and Puck's highly puckish. The other two are female portraits.

TURNER will never have done decorating nature, whose true and wholesome beauty is really much better "without paint." He has six pictures in the present collection. In *Italy*, (No. 70,) from Childe Harold's description, the imagination of the painter has far outstripped the poet's, producing a somewhat extravagant caricature of some of Mr. Stanfield's most gaudy pantomime "decorations." No. 153, *The Landing of the Prince of Orange*, is a fine nautical piece; the royal barge proudly rising on the surf, and the storm still lurking in sombre darkness to the left. Nos. 206, 284, and 453 are also sea pieces; the last of which, the passage of a steam-boat by *Fingal's Cave*, with clouds, rocks, setting sun, &c. has a fine mixed effect. No. 355, *Nebuchadnezzar calling forth Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego from the burning furnace* is naturally of a fine glowing description of colouring.

We can now only mention one more R.A. and with that conclude our notice for this week, leaving a host of remarks unsaid which we had on the tip of our critical tongue. W. HILTON has presented us with but one picture, and fain would we, if only for his own sake, that he had kept that one back. It represents *Una Seeking Shelter in the Cottage of Coreeca*, but not only is it disagreeably conceived, but without any of that fine expression which the subject affords scope for. The quotation from Spenser declares that

"Faire Una framed words and count'nnce fitt" to remove the alarm which her sudden entrance had occasioned;—we cannot perceive the slightest attempt at this in the picture before us.

A host of other artists shall be attended to in our next.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE society have opened their exhibition in Pall Mall East with a display highly creditable to the arts of this country;—there are pictures of all sizes and characters, generally beautifully executed, and forming a charming *coup-d'œil* on first entering the room. We must reserve our detailed notice till next week, only mentioning that Prout has several of his exquisite architectural views; Copley Fielding some unusually fine sea pieces; that J. P. Lewis is happy in his homely sketches, and W. Hunt abundantly clever and abundantly plentiful with his study of old men's heads, and jolly little country-bumpkin boys, with pudding, and porridge, and apples, and all manner of good things, in which they evince most lively and living enjoyment. Stephanhoff has several clever pieces, of which the study for a picture of the *Countess of Montford* presenting her infant son to the inhabitants of Rennes, exhorting them to avenge her cause, (to be painted for her Majesty,) is the most prominent for merit of composition, and force of expression. A further account of the most interesting pictures will be given in our next.

MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE success which has attended the production of the German Operas at the King's Theatre must have surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the parties engaged, as we are assured it went beyond the expectations of the public, who crowded to their performance. *Der Freyschutz* was, in many respects, a judicious selection for the opening of these entertainments;—the opera even in its mutilated and ill-performed state, had already obtained universal suffrages, and convinced the musical public that there was some innate charm beneath its external features of beauty, which they had yet to have perfectly laid before them, and which the rigid science and national feeling of native artistes would probably effect. Besides which there was another melancholy coincidence which could not fail of striking many;—the mortal remains of the immortal Weber are entombed in English ground, and the splendid representation of his chef-d'œuvre, on Wednesday evening, might be taken as the first tribute of respect, the first commemorative ceremony his countrymen have had an opportunity of paying to his name. In truth it was a performance of exquisite and sustained beauty, and for the first time to English ears had the appearance of one entire conception, one work of great and undulating magnificence;—not a series of broken disjointed pieces, as has always been the character conveyed of it on our stage. The same beautiful inspiration which breathes through the opening of the overture, and then gradually swells into extent and vigour,—now soft and plaintive,—then wild and extravagant,—the same master genius which conceived the opening movements, was engaged throughout the progress of the work, and with one object, one soul, one character, may be supposed to have intended the same features, and similar embellishments, to the very climax of his triumphant finale. It is in this light that an opera like *Der Freyschutz* gains half its interest, and it was in this light that the performance of Wednesday evening was conducted.

When attending an Italian opera, the audience, it is well known, are expected to talk or fall asleep during the greater part of the music, only now and then starting into ecstasies at appointed places for display; and the critic's task is then easily despatched by passing reference to the acquittal of the performer, and the applause of the audience, at each of these favourite *morceaux*. Certain artists, too, are always taken on account, as every thing that they ought to be, whilst others are permitted to be any thing and every thing chance or nature may decree,—and here, also, the critic's road is clearly laid out before him. In the case of Wednesday evening, however, a different style of criticism is called for;—true, Haitzinger, who performed *Max*, (the lover,) is a tenor of rich tone, with exquisite feeling and perfect science; true, Pelligrini, the *Caspar*, has a most magnificent bass voice; true, De Meric sang with more heart and energy than

ever she sang in Italian music, and true, lastly, that Mlle. Schneider, who made her very first appearance on any stage, displayed great natural qualifications, a sweet pretty little voice, and charming naïvete of manner;—but neither one of these had any particular opportunity of lording it over the rest; no startling positions, throwing all the world beside in immeasurable background; for the greatest beauty of the whole performance was in the whole performance, and the admirable keeping in which every performer joined his appointed efforts. In fact, to the very last man in the chorus, each one knew his duty, and did it as if the success of the opera depended upon his individual exertions;—every man stood for himself, instead of the bundle of "too too solid flesh," which, in the Italian Operas, comes on to oppress us with its melancholy ditties. The choruses, in fact, were the finest part about the night's entertainment, and were often encored; the band was of a character to go hand-in-hand in this commendation, being admirably conducted and controlled by Chellard; and the decorations and scenery were in correct keeping with the time and place, and did great credit to Messrs. Broad and Grieve, who have the superintendence of these matters here. The overture was unanimously encored, and the applause throughout was the loudest and heartiest that has blessed our ears for a long season.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Merchant of London; the Magic Car.
Saturday.—The Merchant of London; the Magic Car.
Monday.—The Belle's Stratagem; Perfection; the Waterman.
Tuesday.—The Tyrolese Peasant; the Rent Day; Masaniello.
Wednesday.—The Merchant of London; the Magic Car.
Thursday.—The Tyrolese Peasant; the Brigand; Masaniello.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—Macbeth; the Tartar Witch.
Saturday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.
Monday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.
Tuesday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.
Wednesday.—The Revenge; Teddy the Tiler; the Tartar Witch.
Thursday.—The Hunchback; Midas.

A NEW "Domestic Drama" of misery came before us on Tuesday last at Drury Lane, and met with a melancholy fate. Who is the author of this piece has not transpired; the music, which is by Mr. Bishop, deserved for all its common-place and plagiaristic enormities, a better field to work upon:—The prime minister's son *Edgar*, (Templeton) in disguise of a basket-maker, is also lover to *Blanche*, (Miss Pearson,) daughter of *Colbert*, (Seguin,) an unhappy "poor gentleman," who had been driven from his matrimonial felicity, his posts of honour and emolument, and all that, to the retirement of a peasant's life, through the machinations of the said prime minister. When he comes to hear of *Edgar's* attachment, and his daughter's plighted faith to the son

of his persecutor, he is very sorely displeased, and finding all his threats and persuasion of no avail, he proceeds to swear most horribly, and call upon "Ye lightnings of heaven!—" when his eyes are immediately struck blind, and he ends the act with an appropriate song, his daughter fainting to music into the arms of her lover. The second act presents us with a great many little incidents we do not understand, the end of which is that the old gentleman's eyes are opened again through the skill of some of the "powers behind," and that all winds up as it should do, Miss Pearson and Mr. Templeton being ennobled with exceedingly fine attire. We have said that the music was common-place, and saying that, we need only add that there was but one song, tastefully given, by Miss Pearson, which had any prettiness about it, and was very properly encored; whilst many horribly noisy *scenas* by Mr. Templeton and others, were also inflicted upon the audience a second time. As to the noisy finale which condemned the piece itself, this is also to be repeated "every evening till further notice," for notwithstanding our worthy friend Russell could not obtain a shadow of hearing to reannounce it, and very properly retired in acknowledgment of the justice of the decision, the play-bills insist that it was "completely successful," perhaps, as things go now!

We are sorry to find that our brief notice of Miss Highsart, the new *Rosetta* of Wednesday week has given pain and offence to the friends of that young lady. It seems that a misconstruction of the word "premature," and the declaration that the debutante had had the "good sense to retire for a season," are the two points on which this complaint is founded; though nothing can be more unwarranted than to accuse us of illiberality or ill-nature upon such charges. That Miss Highsart has natural abilities of very great and promising quality is very certain, but that she is very young, has had but little instruction of any value, and has never before appeared upon any public boards whatever, we are assured by her friends; and will any body of sense or experience dispute that a debut in London, under such circumstances, was a premature and unfavourable trial? We understand that Miss Highsart is to appear again this evening in the *Beggar's Opera*;—her powers may then have fuller development, and offer a fairer and juster opportunity for criticism on their merits. We hope, however, that she will yet have the good sense to retire from London for a season, and after the useful schooling of provincial practice, return again to a post of honour, which, alas! gives every promise of remaining open for her reception.

MINORS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Miss Chambers continues with success to personate a range of first-rate characters, but her engagement is shortly to terminate. Downton, Wilkinson, and Hooper are her efficient supporters, and T. P. Cooke adds the attraction of his *William*, to the already great attractions of this spiritedly-conducted house.

STRAND.—In spite of the terrors of the law, Rayner has brought out *The Beggar's Opera*, in which Miss Forde makes as little-disgusting a representative of *Macheath* as any woman can be; and Miss Somerville sings the songs of *Polly* most excellently,—this young lady will assuredly make her way to patent boards,—although she can hardly expect to do so while yet a *minor*. As to O. Smith's *Filch*, it has so perfect a verisimilitude about it, that we would wager a box ticket he could not walk the Strand, in his stage dress, and stage *look*, from the Theatre to Temple Bar, without being captured by the police as "a well-known suspicious character"—and it would go hard with him at Bow-Street, nothing less than a month at the treadmill would be his portion. Yet, after all, we do not see that he has much to pride himself upon, for many a denizen of St. Giles's might boast of the same high degree of excellence!—Mrs. Waylett is re-engaged here.

CITY.—Mr. Webster bestirs himself in the production of new pieces, although not of new performers. *Pay for Peeping* is a production of the manager's, not a little resembling Buckstone's *Curiosity Cured*. Miss Daly represents a variety of characters very cleverly, and bears the whole burden of the piece: her part is said to have been originally intended for Miss Foote. *The Village Gamester* is a very regular domestic melodrama indeed, and may have its day. The subject and drift of it may be guessed at by any veteran play-goer from the very title. *The Two Mrs. Smiths*, although said to be new acquaintances, we rather think we have met with before at the Haymarket.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.

WE have heard nothing for some time of the "Sydney Theatre." All that is known on the subject amounts to this,—that a building intended for stage entertainments had been erected so long as a year or two ago, in the metropolis of Australia, by a Mr. Barnett Levey, (one of the tribe of Israel, by his name,) and that the governor, when all was ready, had refused his sanction to its opening, because the proprietor had erected a *windmill* on the top of the building! This was cruel on the part of his Majesty's distant representative, for he must be aware that the manager, if matters are the same at Botany Bay as at home, must expect to *make his bread* somewhere else than on the stage! Permission to open was, at any rate, withheld, and "the latest advices" make no mention of the embargo having been removed. A new governor has just arrived, however, and he, perhaps, may be more theatrically inclined than his predecessor. It must not be supposed, however, that in the mean time all sorts of Thespian recreation are debarred the colonists and convicts;—a play is occasionally "got up" by amateurs, no doubt with every advantage of scenery, dresses, and decorations. The following is a verbatim copy of a playbill for one of these performances, regularly advertised in *The Sydney Monitor*, of November 10th, 1830:

"Convicts' Theatre, Emu Plains, by Per-

mission. For the evening of Saturday, the 30th November, this private theatre will be opened with the celebrated national tragedy of *Douglas*.

CHARACTERS.	PERFORMERS.
Young Norval.....	William Toogood.
Lord Randolph.....	William Toogood.
Glenalvon.....	William W.
Officer.....	Joseph Hill.
Old Norval.....	William W.
Servant.....	Samuel Fenton.

WOMEN.	
Lady Randolph.....	C. Holden.
Anna.....	J. Matthews.

"Between the pieces, Sundry Amusements. To conclude with the farce of *The Padlock*.

Don Diego.....	John Northall.
Leander.....	James Dennison.
First Scholar.....	Samuel Fenton.
Second Scholar.....	Henry Aldis.
Mungo.....	William Toogood.

WOMEN.	
Leonora.....	J. Matthews.
Ursula.....	J. O'Connor.

"Doors open at Seven. To commence at Half-past Seven."

It must have been quite a treat to hear *Young Norval* delivering his famous speech to *himself* in the character of *Lord Randolph*, as must have been the case. As to the ladies, we rather suspect, from the careful concealment of the sex-discovering Christian name, and the notorious deficiency of females in the colony, that they must have been of the male gender. No matter, the audience were doubtless quite transported at the performance. *Vivant Rex et Regina!*

MISCELLANEA.

ZOOLOGICAL MEMORANDA.

Pike.—The boldness of a pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing; and the head keeper of Richmond Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond in that park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he had but just time to withdraw it. A gentleman now residing at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey, near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves, and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavour to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible. A friend of mind caught a pike a few minutes after breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the gimp hanging out of his mouth. He also caught another, in high condition, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from its side. On opening it a double eel-hook was found at the end of the wire, much corroded. This may account for so few pike being found dead after they have broken away with a gorge-hook in them. An account will be found in "Salmonia," of a pike taking a bait, with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line.

The Cardinal Spider.—There is a large breed of spiders which are found very gene-

rally in the palace of Hampton-Court. They are called there "cardinals," having, I suppose, been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's hall. They are full an inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, with the shade cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient supposition that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape. Be this as it may, the spider is considered as a curiosity, and Hampton-Court is the only place in which I have met with it.

Rook Shooting.—Rooks are not easily induced to forsake the trees on which they have been bred, and which they frequently revisit after the breeding season is over. This is shown in Hampton-Court Park, where there is an extensive rookery amongst the fine lime trees, and where a barbarous and unnecessary custom prevails of shooting the young rooks. As many as a hundred dozen of them have been killed in one season, and yet the rooks build in the avenue, though there is a corresponding avenue close by, in Bushy Park, which they never frequent, notwithstanding the trees are equally high and equally secure. I never hear the guns go off during this annual slaughter without execrating the practice, and pitying the poor rooks, whose melancholy cries may be heard to a great distance, and some of whom may be seen, exhausted by their fruitless exertions, sitting melancholy on a solitary tree, waiting till the *sport* is over, that they may return and see whether any of the offspring which they have reared with so much care and anxiety are left to them; or, what is more probable, the call for assistance of their young having ceased, they are aware of their fate, and are sitting in mournful contemplation of their loss. This may appear romantic, but it is nevertheless true.—*Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

NEW BOOKS.

REID's Outlines of Medical Botany, 12mo. 9s.
Markham's (Mrs.) New Children's Friend, 2 vols 12mo. 10s. 6d.
Rogers' Family Prayers, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Hollingsworth's Rebecca, or Times of Primitive Christianity, 8vo. 10s.
Bridge's Fifty-four Scriptural Studies, 18mo. half-bound, 1s. 6d.
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